# THE SATIRIST,

OR

# MONTHLY METEOR.

## JANUARY 1, 1809.

### THE SATIRIST AND PICKPOCKETS.

The SATIRIST having excited the wrath of Messrs. Finnerty, Hague, Ellrington, alias Charles Sedley, Esquire, Cobbett, and the whole fraternity of pickpockets, by maliciously exposing the mystery of their craft, those honourable characters unanimously resolved, that the respective merits of their highly respected friend, Mr. BILL SOAMES, Prince of the Pickpockets, and their bitter foe, Mr. Manners, the *supposed* Editor of *The Satirist*, should be *fairly* and *impartially* discussed at the OLD ROBIN HOOD * Debating Society, which had been recently founded by Mr. Finnerty, and in consequence bills,† of which the following is a copy, were posted and distributed in every part of the cities of London and Westminster.

* Held in the room where poor frantic Finnerty vended his fabricated pamphlet, entitled *Major Hogan's* Appeal, &c. &c.

† Written by poor frantic Finnerty.



S. Tipper, Printer, Leadenhall-street.

THE

# SATIRIST AND PICKPOCKETS.

## OLD ROBIN HOOD

## DEBATING SOCIETY,

NO. 18, WYCH-STREET, STRAND.

ON SATURDAY *Evening, the 3d Inst. the Question will be—*

Which is the greatest Nuisance in Society, *George Manners*, the Editor of the Satirist, or *Bill Soames*, the Prince of the Pickpockets?

"At this Debate the demerits of two full-grown Characters, will be fully and faithfully brought in to view——And the powers of discussion will be found equal to the delineation of both——Curious anecdotes of the parties, relating to manual and literary *felony*, will be related in the course of the Debate!"

The Public are respectfully requested to notice that in future, the Debates of the *Old Robin Hood*, will be open during the *Winter*, on *Tuesday* and *Saturday* Evenings. *The Doors open at Half past SEVEN, and the Chair taken at Half past EIGHT.*

ADMITTANCE ONE SHILLING.

Clark, Printer, 3, New Court, New Street.

Anxious to gratify our readers with a correct account of this important debate, we endeavoured to find some short-hand writer who would undertake to report the proceedings; but, although we offered the most liberal terms,

we had great difficulty in procuring a person properly qualified—for those to whom we applied declared, that nothing should induce them to enter what they *profanely* called "THE DEN OF THIEVES," where, as they asserted, not only *robbers*, but *assassins*, were to be dreaded. However, an ingenious young gentleman at length consented to venture, and having taken the precaution to empty his pockets, and disguise himself like one of the gang, he admirably performed his task, without any other inconvenience than the loss of a silk handkerchief, which he wore round his neck, and one of his coat-flaps; our readers may, therefore, rely upon the correctness of the following statement. Some of the expressions may shock their delicacy; but they must recollect that they are not perusing the language of the SATIRIST, but the infuriated orations of a high-minded and justly-exasperated *banditti*.

Mr. MURRAY, alias *the long Cobler*—opened the debate. He commenced a most spirited and energetic speech, by observing, that he never rose to address a respectable audience with more satisfaction than on the present occasion. The subject of debate was one in which the *whole of his audience were deeply interested*.—A reptile, *whom none of them knew, even personally*, had dared to libel and expose two gentlemen for whom he was certain they all entertained the *highest* and *most exalted* affection (*Loud cries of Hear! Hear!*)—Gentlemen whose actions were *upon record*, and whose names would be remembered by their country when those accursed engines of despotic power, the gallows and the pillory, should have mouldered in oblivion; he trusted it was unnecessary to add, that he alluded *to* Mr. BILL SOAMES, and Mr. PETER FINNERTY. He perceived both those *distinguished* persons in the room, and should not shock the delicacy of their feelings by enumerating their

several virtues, the pre-eminence of which he trusted the issue of that night's debate would completely establish; but he felt it his duty to impress upon the minds of the company this marked distinction between the characters of those two gentlemen and that of the infamous wretch who had dared to expose their secret history to the world. The latter had basely endeavoured to rob them of the means of existence, while the others had nobly stood forward in defence of their privileges, meritoriously striven to reduce to a common level the peer and the pickpocket, and magnanimously *suffered* in the glorious cause—(*Hear! hear! hear!*)

"What but the execration of that assembly was due to the scoundrel who had contributed to the defeat of such patriotic intentions?—What but the vengeance of that Society should be the common lot of all those reptiles who, by exposing the mysteries of their craft, had rendered their very existence precarious, and blasted the fairest prospect of a golden harvest that ever gladdened the eye of an independent pickpocket, or exhilerated the heart of a magnanimous traitor."—(Here the gentleman was obliged to close his oration—because Mr. FINNERTY's literary friend *who wrote it* had not furnished him with another syllable.)

Three gentlemen of more talent than prudence, rose in succession to defend the cause of the *Satirist*, but the tumult was so great that our Reporter could only gather a few of their sentiments.—One of these declared, "that the idea of calling a meeting to discuss the respective merits of a known felon, convicted by the laws of his country, and a man never known to have a spot on the radiant orb of his character, could only have occurred to a most worthless miscreant."—Here Messrs. Soumes, Ellrington, Hague, and Peter Finnerty, grinned horribly a ghastly smile, and loud cries of "Down with him! down with him!"—evinced the *impartiality* of the meeting. A sucking pick-

pocket then made a few observations in favour of his friends; when, after an awful pause, during which it is presumed he was consulting his comrade *Bill Soames*, up rose the chief patron of the debate, the redoubted PETER FINNERTY, alias PETER THE WILD BOY, and spoke as follows: ——"Comrades—friends—and fellow-sufferers, there was a vast crowd to witness the execution of our much-injured and much-lamented friend Jeremiah Abershaw,* and can it then be astonishing that there are so many assembled here to witness the chastisement which I am about to inflict on a real rascal—liar—scoundrel—villain—slanderer—and coward!

"Gentlemen, I have sought the infamous Manners every where, but he dares not meet me."—Here a genteel-looking man imprudently exclaimed—"That's false! you have carefully avoided him!"—"You lie! you lie! you lie!"—vociferated the enraged PETER. And now confusion reigned despotic; a huge Irishman of the name of O'Gorman,† flourished his shilaleagh, and vowed destruction to *all* the opposers of PETER THE WILD BOY. He, however, attacked no man who stood above *five feet one*. The insulted orator himself threatened horribly, but dared nothing. In the mean time Mr. Bill Soames and his gang were busily employed in adding pocket-handkerchiefs and other moveables to *the common stock*. At length the Chairman, supposing that sufficient time had been devoted to the purposes of plunder, called aloud to order!—and the WILD BOY thus proceeded with his eloquent harangue.

"Gentlemen, do not suppose that the stupid publication

* Hanged for robbery and murder on Wimbledon Common.

† This respectable gentleman formerly kept a *pot-house*, where Mr. Finnerty held an election committee for Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Sheridan, but failing, he became Mr. Finnerty's partner in the Robin Hood debating shop.

of Manners irritates my feelings—*d—n him!* I am far above his slander!—curse him! I tell you he is a fool—bl--st him!—(Here a veteran pickpocket, who is, we believe, a particular friend of Mr. Thomas Hague's, exclaimed—"Be cool, Peter!") "Who bids me be cool? I said I was *not* irritated!—(Here *Peter the Wild Boy* foamed at the mouth most fearfully). But, gentlemen, I have been exposed; and who, *in my situation*, can bear *exposure?*

"Who steals *my* purse steals *trash*;
(Loud cries of *Yes, yes!* and *No, no!*)
But he who filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which *not enriches him.*"
(Some exclamations of *True*, PETER! *very true!*)

"Gentlemen, it is your cause that I am defending! it is the cause of your associates and your admirers! If Manners is not *destroyed*—I say, gentlemen, *destroyed*, (and I hope the friends of Soames and Abershaw will fully comprehend my meaning) neither myself, nor Mr. Cobbett, nor Mr. Ellrington, nor Mr. Thomas Hague, will be able to draw even a miserable existence from the public purse. Has not the damned SATIRIST laid bare the devices and traps by which we allured and caught the game we fed upon?—(*Hear, hear, hear!*)—has he not discovered and betrayed our most *valuable secrets?* will he not, in addition to the facts he has already related, inform the public how I cheated my friend O'Gorman; how I accused my friend O'Gorman of cheating me; how, in consequence, my friend O'Gorman thrashed me severely; how we afterwards agreed that it would answer *our purposes* better to be friends than enemies; how, in conjunction, we outwitted Mr. Sheridan and Sir Francis Burdett; how we, for our mutual benefit, established this debating shop; how I received fifty pounds to pay for advertisements; how I pocketed the whole sum myself; how an action was

in consequence brought against Sir Francis Burdett by the proprietors of a certain newspaper, published near St. Clement's; *how* I induced Mr. Sheridan to call me his *honourable* friend;* how I resolved to excite the cursed Manners to outrage, that I might assassinate him with safety? In short, gentlemen, there is not a circumstance of our lives, which we *would wish to conceal*, which this accursed SATIRIST will not make public, unless we *conspire* to destroy *him* and his odious associates. Gentlemen, I have a pistol† in my pocket, which I purchased

* Mr. Finnerty laboured under a mistake. The transactions to which he alluded are too well known to render it necessary for us to publish them in the SATIRIST.

† After the debate, Mr. Peter Finnerty attempted to carry his purposes into execution. The gentleman whom he had so lavishly abused and so magnanimously threatened, attended two successive evenings at a coffee-house frequented by this tremendous hero, but where he was himself a stranger, for the avowed purpose of *horse-whipping him*; but poor Finnerty came no further than the door, for the moment he heard Mr. M. was in the room, he made a precipitate retreat. On the evening of the debate, when Mr. M. had *declared he did not think it would be in his power to be at the aforesaid coffee-house*, the hero, surrounded by a score of his *Robin Hood friends*, entered the room, and, to his terror and dismay, a few seconds afterwards, Mr. M. made his appearance, and approached him, saying, "Sir, I am not going immediately to assault you, but"—(Here Finnerty exclaimed, "Is your name Manners?")—Being answered in the affirmative, he presented a pistol to his antagonist's breast, which was instantly wrested from his hand, and Mr. M. was about to inflict that punishment which the offender deserved, when several gentlemen interfered, and begged him to desist, and not to disgrace himself by striking an ASSASSIN, at the same time exclaiming, "For God's sake, Sir, are you mad? the fellow has another pistol, and will murder you. You have done every thing that is proper: leave the villain to us." Mr. M. was then forced to the other end of the room; and poor frantic Finnerty finally quitted the room, amidst the hootings and execrations of the company. We pledge ourselves for the correctness of the above statement; and there were more than fifty persons present at the time, who can confirm our

in Covent-Garden, for the purpose of his destruction—(here several voices exclaimed, "Peter, beware of *noses*!"*)—I mean, gentlemen, for—for—for—Gentlemen, my feelings have overcome my reason—(Here the exhausted orator paused, when an Irish lady of distinction exclaimed, "Arrah! and is that Pater Finnerty? To be sure, I didn't see his ugly nob in the pillory!")—The word PILLORY, roused all the energies of THE WILD BOY.—"Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "it is to the pillory that I owe my present honourable notoriety; 'twas in the pillory that I proved my love of freedom, and my contempt of tyranny.—(Loud shouts of *Bravo, bravo!*)—The hour that I spent on that villainous instrument of tyrants was the proudest of my life. Is there a man who hears me, unless he be the rascally creature of the rascal Manners, who does not consider my having stood in the pillory as *one* of the most honourable events of my patriotic life?—(*Loud applauses.*)—Gentlemen, my whole life has been devoted to your interests, and I am greatly gratified at these marks of your approbation. I will annihilate your enemies"—(*Hear, hear, hear!*)—even Mr. Canning shall tremble on his throne—(Here the Irish lady exclaimed, "Pater! Pater! be aisy! we know you, my jewel!")—he knows I can destroy him—Yes, the King himself——(Two or three well-dressed persons here called aloud, *to order!* and charged the honourable gentleman with spouting forth sedition and indecency. The Chairman, however, declared, that "*such topics were strictly*

statement. Nevertheless, the degraded hero, after having applied in vain to all the respectable Editors of Newspapers, caused the insertion of some of the grossest falsehoods relating to the affair that ever disgraced the press, in an obscure weekly journal, in which Messrs. Hague, Ellrington, and other notorious characters, are *known* to be concerned.

* *Noses*, a slang word for *informers* or *spies*.

*in order;* but advised the WILD BOY to refrain *at present* from seditious language, because it appeared that there were two or three *noses* in the room.) The prudent orator took the hint, and concluded his splendid speech with the following emphatic and highly poetical appeal:—"Gentlemen, the shades of our illustrious friends, Abbershaw, Holloway, and Haggerty,* hover about our heads, hear our resolves, and witness our proceedings. I proudly feel that they must approve *my* conduct; nor have my honorable friends, Messrs. Hague, Ellrington, Cobbett, and the whole of this respectable company, with the exception of the scoundrel Manners's detested partizans, less merited their approbation. Let us endeavour to preserve the *ultra mundane* esteem of these lamented victims of tyrannic laws, by protecting those whom they held most dear, from the malignant and pestiferous attacks of the execrated SATIRIST; by asserting the dignity of our highly-respected friend, Mr. BILL SOAMES; and by reprobating the conduct of the reptile Manners."†

* Hanged for the murder of Mr. Steele.

† Lest some of our readers should doubt the courage of Mr. Peter Finnerty, we beg leave to relate the following anecdotes of that distinguished personage, the veracity of which we pledge ourselves, if necessary, to prove:—Some time back, a gentleman declared, in a public room, that he wondered how certain characters could condescend to associate with Peter Finnerty, a scoundrel who had suffered on the pillory. This declaration was instantly conveyed, by "some d——d good-natured friend," to Mr. F. who thereupon "waxed extremely wroth," purchased a horsewhip to chastise the offender, and proceeded, with a friend, to his house, "muttering vengeance as he passed along." The object of his anger was, *unfortunately*, at home, and Mr. Finnerty and his friend rushed into his presence. "Sir!" exclaimed the former, brandishing his whip, "I am Mr. Peter Finnerty. Did you say I was a scoundrel, and had stood in the pillory?" "Yes, Sir, I did," replied the gentleman, calmly; "and, if you please, I will repeat my words, because I know them to be true." "Sir!—Sir!" ex-

Faint and exhausted, by the violent exertion of his energies, the WILD BOY leant upon the arm of his friend SOAMES, and retired from the room, amidst the huzzas of the "overflowing and highly-respectable audience."—The Chairman then rose, and adjourned the meeting till Tuesday evening, the 6th instant; when our Reporter, having taken the necessary precautions, re-assumed his functions, and placed himself close to the elbow of Mr. Soames and another of Mr. Finnerty's friends. The room was even more crowded than on the former occasion. The immense sum of nine pounds eight shillings was taken at the door, and more than one hundred pickpockets and other respectable persons obtained free admission from Mr. Finnerty, or through the interest of Messrs. Hague and Cobbett.

After a few observations had been made by *Mr. Ell-*

claimed the *gentle hero*, "then I have only to say—that the hour I stood on *the pillory was the proudest of my life*," and placing his whip under his arm, magnanimously withdrew.

Another proof of his courage was manifested on the night he attempted to assassinate Mr. M. A gentleman of respectability told him, that his conduct was that of a coward; and to prove that he was one, he would forget the difference of their situations, retire with him up stairs, and *fight him in any way* he pleased. Mr. Finnerty replied, "that he had no quarrel with him." "Sir," rejoined the other, "I tell you, you are a scoundrel and a coward. Do you wish me to insult you in any other way?" Poor Finnerty, who had been blustering tremendously before, was instantly pacified.

On the following Saturday night, a gentleman, much less than himself, beat him severely, for improper conduct. Finnerty refused to strike again, till his antagonist's foot slipped, when he bravely exclaimed, "Now, Sir, I'll fight you," and trampled upon him most violently, while he lay on the ground; but the instant he rose up again, the WILD BOY submitted to a thrashing, with all the *tameness of a lamb.*

As this happened in the presence of seventy persons, we hope he will not have the audacity to deny its truth.

*rington* and *Galloping Dick*, which nobody could understand, Mr. John *Gale Jones*, alias *Little John*, pulled up his breeches, hemmed a little, to see if his *blood-vessels* were all right, and then vociferated aloud—"Gentlemen! the Satirist is a lying, cowardly, sneaking, classical, scurrilous, ministerial, lampooner—hired by corrupt scoundrels to *blight* the *streams* of reform, *damn up* the *laurels* of science, *wither* the *paths* of genius, *stab* the *progress* of independence, and *waylay* the *vitals* of regeneration;" (*loud and repeated acclamations*) he declared that the SATIRIST had stated that he broke a blood-vessel. He had so, it was not, however, at the *British Forum*, but *in Newgate*; it was not in declaiming against tyranny, but in d——g the eyes of a tyrant gaoler; ergo, the SATIRIST stood convicted of a LIE. He believed nobody read the SATIRIST, it was a damned contemptible work, he despised the villain Manners, but cursed him for attacking himself and friends. The SATIRIST was a *monster* that *overflowed* in a mass of general *conflagration*, all that was dear to those whom he had the honour to address; a *poisonous drug* that *exposed* all their most valuable secrets; a *devouring torrent* that *preyed* upon the vitals of their existence: it must be destroyed, or they themselves must perish. He deprecated the idea of uniting the name of a gentleman so highly respectable as their friend Mr. Bill Soames, with that of a cowardly scoundrel, who never dared to look the gallows in the face; but he trusted that they would establish their beloved comrade's unimpeachable honour by their unanimous vote in his favour, and thus do justice to his insulted feelings." Here Mr. Soames expressed his gratitude by a graceful bow, to increase the effect of which, he imprudently withdrew his hand from the pocket which contained the spoil of the evening and was *consequently* re-robbed by a particular friend of Mr. Peter Finnerty's; this circumstance having been secretly communicated to the Chairman, he very pro-

perly determined that Mr. Soames ought to have another opportunity of adding to their *common stock*, and therefore requested Mr. O'Gorman, in a whisper, to "*kick up a row*," by knocking *down* an OLD WOMAN who stood near him. Mr. O'Gorman having minutely scanned the devoted *fair one*, and discovered her to be extremely weak and diminutive, magnanimously complied; and *Goody Two Shoes* was felled to the ground: by which ingenious contrivance Mr. Soames procured eleven pocket-handkerchiefs, thirteen skeleton keys, a tobacco box, seventeen penny pieces, a brass knocker, and some cobler's wax. One of his gang also most ungratefully drew from Mr. Wright's pocket, divers papers containing various memoranda; but supposing them "of no use to any body except the owner," he indignantly cast them upon the ground. Our reporter picked them up, and our readers will find a brief list of their contents in a succeeding page. The worthy chairman perceiving that his friends had finished their honest labours, begged Mr. John Gale Jones to proceed with the debate; but he declared that he felt himself unequal to the task, in consequence of the recent exertion, and the fear of again rupturing a blood-vessel. Mr. Wright* then rose and "declared, that he felt himself perfectly inspired by the subject of the debate, of which he should take a more comprehensive view than the gentleman who had preceded him; but finding that his pocket had been picked of the hints with which he been furnished by Mr. Cobbett, he simply damned the Satirist, and re-assumed his seat.

Just as the question was about to be put, a letter was delivered to the worthy president, who, having perused

* Formerly a bookseller, but now a menial in the service of William Cobbett. We understand, that the gentleman who ably defended the Satirist, was also a Mr. Wright.

its contents, rose and requested the silence of the meeting for a few minutes, which being obtained, he begged leave to congratulate them upon an unexpected accession of strength and respectability to their party; he had that instant been honoured with a letter from the *condemned hole* in Newgate (*long and reiterated acclamations*) from SAMUEL COLLINS, alias HASPER; JAMES STARKEY; and JOHN CAVELL, better known to his respectable friends by the name of PUTTY JACK;* which, with their permission, he would read to them. "Read! read!" resounded on every side, upon which the honorable gentleman read as follows:

"Mr. Chairmun and Gemmen of the *Robbing* hood mating.

"Being detained in *quod*† for hexecution, you see as how we canner support our friends Soames and Finnerty's questshun with our own hands, as we wishes um well with our harts; but has sent *Milling Bob*, *Scampering Tom*, and *Desperate Dick* to hold up a hand for us, as we understands PETER THE WILD BOY *magged* it on Saturday night just as we could ha wished; let him know as how he's frends in Newgate drunk hes helth, and may he long continue to chete the gallus, and wishing Bill Soames the same and success to all on ye, we be your frends *till death*.

S. COLLINS ✕ his mark.
JOHN CAVELL.
JAMES STARKEY.

*Condemned Hole,*
*Tusdy nite.*

P. S. Tell Peter not to mind that there damd SATIRIST."

* Gentlemen convicted of breaking into Lady Morton's house.

† A Prison.

The company expressed their high sense of this honorable attention of their unfortunate friends by acclamations which shook the room to the centre; Mr. Soames was affected even to tears, and PETER THE WILD BOY was quite convulsed with grief and gratitude.

The question was now put, when the number of Mr. Bill Soames's friends appeared to be 230, but for the supposed Editor of the SATIRIST, not a single hand was raised. The meeting then broke up, and the exulting party retired to Mr. Finnerty's chambers in Clement's inn, to divide the door money and plunder, and to rejoice at the fall of MANNERS.

It has been ascertained, that Mr. Sheridan did not attend in person, to support the cause of his honorable friend Mr. Finnerty.

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We promised our readers a brief account of the papers taken from the pocket of Mr. Wright; they consisted of a long list of authors to whom he had forgotten to transmit the profits of their works; a manuscript treatise on the convenience of the bankrupt laws, written by himself; an account of dirty work performed for the proprietor of the Political Register, and the following heads of the speech which he *was to have* made at the *Robin Hood* debate.

Mem. Swear all the parties concerned in the *Satirist* are worn out authors discharged by booksellers for incapacity, that they live upon "buckets of broth and bullock's liver."—Talk a great deal concerning their infamous treatment of your independent and honest friend Mr. Cobbett; but say not a word about my being a deserter and a traitor, for the less that's said on those subjects the better.—Tell the company that you know Mr. Hague to be an upright man, who would sooner extort money from a prince than from a pickpocket; that he only writes

to support his wife who *works* to support him; that he does not wish to slander the Royal Family, if they will pay him for his forbearance.—That the cursed *Satirist* has been the ruin of him, and many other honest men of a similar description.—That our friend Mr. Bill Soames is a far more respectable personage than the reptile Manners, of whom you may invent any lies you please. N. B. Finnerty can furnish you with plenty. Swear he is a fool; the hireling of Princes; and the tool of Ministers. Introduce the word corruption on all occasions, praise my courage, prowess, and forbearance, but don't let any body know how much the attacks of the SATIRIST have decreased the sale of my *Register*. Conclude with lamenting, that circumstances had prevented the meeting from receiving the powerful support of my extraordinary and unparalleled talents. Adieu; be prudent and vigorous."

Your's, W. COBBETT.

It is greatly to be lamented that the treachery of Mr. Wright's friend, who picked his pocket of these admirable hints, destroyed a speech *in embryo*, which would otherwise have astounded and delighted the "overflowing and highly respectable audience," for whom it was prepared.

We are sorry to hear, that Mr. Finnerty is not expected to recover the *fatal effects* of his extraordinary exertions.

## FEMALE LITERATURE.

To a manly mind, by nature well disposed, and by education well informed, accustomed from earliest infancy to habits of decorum, sedulously instructed in the principles and practice of general courtesy, and, perhaps, constitu-

tionally impelled to shew peculiar deference to the sex; no accusation could appear more unjust or more revolting than the charge of wilful and systematic *indelicacy*. In No. XIV. pages 404, 405, we briefly repelled the imputation; resolving, however, at some future time of leisure, to vindicate our character and conduct in the fullest manner possible: that time is now arrived, and we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity.

The SATIRIST prefers his claim to peculiar favour and indulgence: for, alas! he has undertaken no common duty. To cleanse an Augean stable he knows to be an Herculean task: to pour the waters of life and health through a parched and tainted land—to *cry aloud and spare not*—to baffle, to confound, to smite, to defeat, to destroy, the monsters of fraud, debauchery, and impiety, that every where abound, is an enterprise at once the most arduous, the most dangerous, and the most disgusting, that imagination can conceive, for the powers of virtue to attempt: but *it is* also *the most glorious when achieved.*

> "Adde, quòd assiduâ rapitur vertigine cœlum;
> Sideraque alta trahit, celerique volumine torquet.
> NITOR IN ADVERSUM: *nec me, qui cætera vincit*
> *Impetus*; et rapido contrarius evehor orbi."

In the application of these spirited lines we certainly wish them to be interpreted in a very general sense; many honourable exceptions to the censure therein implied we could readily point out; but still we feel justified in asserting our conviction of the depravity, the deep depravity of these latter times. High and low, rich and poor, all ranks and conditions of men, afford unnumbered instances of delinquency, from the mansion of the nobleman to the humble cottage of the peasant: ALL BUT THE THRONE OF BRITAIN.

At this crisis the state of civilized society depends essen-

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*tially* on the sentiments and manners, on the talents and acquirements, on the knowledge and general habits, on the estimation and influence of WOMEN. Whatever tends to exalt and dignify their behaviour, to purify their principles, and to strengthen usefully their intellectual powers, demands our warmest encouragement; whilst, on the contrary, whatever conduces to diminish our respect for the sex, and to reduce them to mere objects of dalliance, merits the accumulated scorn and detestation of every friend to order and domestic happiness:

> "Domestic Happiness, thou only bliss
> Of Paradise that has surviv'd the Fall!
> Thou art not known where PLEASURE is ador'd,
> That reeling Goddess with the zoneless waist:
> Forsaking thee, what shipwreck have we made
> Of honour, dignity, and fair renown!"—COWPER.

Impressed with such ideas as the above, we have constantly studied the most efficacious means to evince our high regard for the fair; not by flattery and sing-song compliment, but by wholesome advice, mild reproof, and [when the case required chastisement] the utmost severity of decent, but *indignant* animadversion. 'Tis true, we are not of the number of those who "fear to mention h*ll to ears polite;" but yet we most confidently assert, that, in no one instance, have we intentionally raised a blush of shame or of disdain against us in the cheeks of modesty. We are HUSBANDS; we are FATHERS; and, moreover, we wish to protect and to warn our SISTERS.—As men *who assume honour*, need we, can we, with propriety, say more?

While we are writing on a subject of paramount delicacy, a subject that interests our noblest and tenderest affections, we may be pardoned, it is hoped, if we extend our guarded remarks to the interesting article of FEMALE LITERATURE.

Before we attempt to reason upon a subject of this nature, in the discussion of which the judgment is so particularly liable to the probable influence of preconceived opinion, it will become our readers, above all things, that the grand object of our multifarious pursuit is the promotion of morality and the elucidation of truth. To divest ourselves mutually, therefore, as much as possible, of all those narrow prejudices which may inspire too unfavourable ideas of the dignity of the female MIND, or which from a tame submission to custom, would prescribe unreasonable bounds to FEMALE LITERATURE, is at once our duty and our interest.

The safest, certainly, and perhaps the only method of rightly considering the question before us, will be to make that extent of literature the limit of female research, which, upon mature deliberation, may seem the best calculated to promote the general happiness of the human race.

A consideration of the various situations of life, and the different qualifications requisite to the comfort of each, would, perhaps, involve us in a series of debate too intricate and diffuse. Neither is it necessary. We shall principally confine ourselves to a review of some of those female acquirements which we conceive peculiarly adapted to complete the blessings of *the conjugal state*; that being the sweet and honorable condition, in which human felicity is capable of attaining to the highest state of moral refinement:

——Love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his seat
In reason, and is judicious, is the scale
By which to heavenly love we may ascend;
Not sunk in carnal pleasure: for which cause,
Among the beasts no mate for MAN was found.

MILTON, P. L. viii. 589

We cannot but deprecate, most solemnly, the mean opinion of those semi-barbarians, who selfishly seek to confine the knowledge of the sex to the mere regulation of domestic affairs, from the mistaken notion that a lady of improved understanding will not stoop to the more humiliating cares of her household: for the slightest reflection must, on the contrary, convince every man of sense, that, [far from being the source of such neglect,] learning truly feminine and elegant, will prove a very powerful stimulus to the attention and regard necessary to the happiness of a beloved family, and will greatly alleviate the irksomeness of those offices which peculiarity of situation may render equally proper and indispensable.

An opinion repugnant to good sense cannot be the result of liberal enquiry. There is reason, indeed, to believe that many of those sciolists who avow it, make it the cloak to the worst sentiments; and that, actuated by a disingenuous idea of self-importance, they would sacrifice the dignity and happiness of the loveliest part of creation to the paltry gratification of their own unenlightened vanity.

"*The most attractive beauty of their persons,*" says an ingenious writer, "*results from the graces of the mind.*" Delicacy, sweetness, sense, and sensibility, shining from the eyes, will compensate for an irregularity of features, and will sooner excite love in a feeling heart, than the best formed face and the finest complexional hue without expression. And who can honestly question the utility arising from the perusal of well chosen books, in the production and improvement of those delightful qualities?

To be lasting after marriage, love should be founded on a similarity of sentiment and disposition; and can the discovery of that similarity be safely intrusted to the superficial glance of untutored ignorance? How much rather to the decision of a mind enlarged by habitual reflection, and fortified in a great measure against the dan-

gerous effects of hasty affection by the frequent caution of calmly-written productions!

The charms of beauty, heightened by the amiable smile of intelligent good-humour, and that almost playful levity, that easy unsuspicious gaiety of manner, the inimitable offspring of innocence and health, captivate man's heart, indeed, while his own spirits are good, and the cares of life do not trouble him. But, more is wanted for a trying hour. Alas! when sickness and adverse fortune oppress his mind with melancholy, a husband requires far other comfort. Then it is that the conduct of the well instructed female shines forth transcendently; when, sympathizing in her bosom friend's distress, she is able at once to pour into his heart the balm of consolation, and to invigorate his flagging mind by her tempered advice and heroic example.

Another circumstance of the weightiest import, and which greatly serves to shew the utility of careful female education is, that the instruction of children in their years of infancy, and of the daughters to a much later period, naturally devolves to the superintendance of the mother. And, let our virtuous readers think, what improvement may they not fondly expect in their offspring, when led step by step through the first stages of literature by the hand of an affectionate and well informed parent?

That the female mind is not capable of a degree of improvement equal to that of the other sex, we are happy to consider as a base and groundless prejudice. Justly has KNOX observed, that *the superior advantages of the education of boys is, perhaps, the sole cause of their subsequent literary superiority.* In fact, LEARNING, properly so called, is equally attainable and equally valuable for the satisfaction arising from it to either man or woman. Thus much, however, we will allow to the enemies of FEMALE LITERATURE, that in some recondite studies, the same de-

gree of perfection is not to be required or wished for in the female sex, which would be deemed a valuable accomplishment in the male. There are certain acquirements, no doubt, which may not seem so well calculated for the objects of female pursuit. Above all, let women beware of *politics*, their eager discussion of which, besides its being injurious to the temper of its devotees, cannot possibly be productive of good, as they are effectually excluded from any share of authority in the administration of public affairs. Here, therefore, ἡ σιγη γυναικι κοσμος. We would, also, by all means discourage the ardour of *metaphysical* research, as well as a close application to *the dead languages*, and too profound a penetration into *mathematical* and *botanical* mysteries? Not because such studies would be likely to engender affectation or superciliousness, the only incitement to which is the rarity FEMALE LITERATURE, but because the vast space of time which such would demand, must detract too much from the attention due to those economical employments, which are, honorably, the peculiar province of women.

These abstruse investigations thus respectfully excepted, THE SATIRIST attempts not to curtail the gratification of a strong literary passion in the sex. We would permit, nay, we would encourage them to exalt their understandings to the utmost, and to wander (free and unshackled as ourselves) over the spacious fields of elegant learning, whithersoever taste, fancy, and innocence, may lead them. Nor shall the smallest of their attainments in the belles lettres be ever deemed by us fit objects of contempt or ridicule, unless they appear sullied by an ill-natured severity, and that ill-timed and injudicious ostentation, which cannot fail to create disgust and abhorrence in impartial minds, whether we discover these defects in the male or female pedant. WE HAVE SAID.

## MAC ARTHUR, BY W. SCOTT, ESQ.

(*Continued from vol.* iii. *page* 491.)

To each canto is prefixed an introduction, and we select the first as a favorable specimen of the rest. From the perusal of this curious epistle our readers will learn, with equal surprise and sorrow, that the next number of the Edinburgh Review will conclude the literary labours of the ever-to-be-lamented, never-to-be-sufficiently-admired, and terrific Mr. Jeffery. Mr. Scott's consolatory verses on this occasion do great credit to his feelings. He expresses, with great appearance of sensibility, the darkness by which Scottish literature will be obscured when deprived of the vivifying splendor of this literary luminary. The rays of English criticism shine with feeble lustre on the glen of Ettrick, and the university of Edinburgh.

Much, however, as we admire parts of this epistle, we cannot forbear to remark, that it displays many of those faults which we discovered in his MARMION; that some of the verses are remarkable only for quaintness and obscurity; and that, like the whole poem, the extract we have given is pervaded by a desultory feebleness of description which has an irresistible tendency to produce languor and fatigue.

To *tell a scene of life* is a process which we are not sufficiently gifted to understand. In line 83 we should be glad to be informed whether the boy *treads footsteps*, or *footsteps* "*cautious ope the pantry door.*" We know not from what legend the story of St. Patrick's carrying potatoes in his trunkless head may be taken, but certain we are, that it is a circumstance beneath the dignity of poesy. That "*sheep with drought oppress*" should be emblems of "*summer glee,*" is a circumstance which none but a poet would discover. The rhymes *glee* and *Jeffery*,

*glee* and *minstrelsy*, occur twice within a very short interval. *Foe* and *Edinbro'* are also objectionable. *Meteor-valour* is an awkward compound. We do not believe that Mr. Jeffery pretends to have been among the savages of Newfoundland, and are therefore inclined to think the assertion, that he has *scann'd* their manners, ridiculous. It reminds us too much of "*So have I seen in Araby the blest*, A PHŒNIX," &c. *These*, Mr. Scott will perceive, are errors of considerable consequence; and, we trust, that the good sense for which he has always been remarkable, will shew him the propriety of correcting them before he commits his poem to the final decision of the public.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO THE FIRST.

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TO THOMAS JEFFERY, ESQ.

*Ettrick Forest, May*, 1809.

Now sweetly smiles the sultry sky,
The ditches and the ponds are dry;
The gamesome sheep with drought opprest,
In vain essay a noon-tide rest;
New blossoms deck the hawthorn spray,
Again the Ettrick woods are gay,
And all the livery of the year
In renovated youth appear.

Such was, ere now, the summer glee,
Of thee, my much-lov'd JEFFERY!
How sweetly passed the wintry day,
Whilst list'ning to my humble lay;
Thy friendship sooth'd poetic care,
And taught each critic wight to spare
The simple song of mountain child,
That, born in glen of Ettrick wild,
Tun'd with a sweet, but sportive glee,
His country's native minstrelsy!

Yes, Jeffery, yes, the matron ewe
Shall shew maternal feelings true;
Again, in hour of peaceful rest,
The lamb shall shelter in her breast;
The still-green ivy still shall climb,
Supported by the oak's rude prime;
But, oh! my Jeffery's critic love
No more the friendly flask shall move!
No more the haunch of venison
Shall gain his honour'd benison;
Nor friendly poet's envious foe
Fall by review of Edinbro'.

Mourn, Scotia! mourn thy nursling page,
Untimely dead in spring of age;
Mourn genius, taste, and learning lost,
When most admir'd, and wanted most.
No more the Scottish minstrel's song
So merrily shall glide along;
By critic's fostering hand her sail,
Spread to the ever-favoring gale;
No more my verse be understood
By orator of Robinhood;
Or gallantry of *Lochinvar*,
By London minstrel spread afar;*
Catch Wonder's gaze, and Beauty's smiles,
From Wych-street westward to St. Giles.

Sad are the thoughts, and passing hard
The fate of solitary bard;
Beset by dangers, 'twere a shame
In any Christian land to name!
No guerdon able to resist
Attack of deadly *Satirist;*

* The ballad of "*Lochinvar*" has been most admirably set to music by that excellent composer, Mr. Thomas Attwood.—E.

But forced, alas! ah! luckless wight,
To fall in melancholy plight!
His minstrel pipe untimely broke,
By southward critics hateful stroke!

How once, my Jeffery, shone the day,
When beam'd the literary ray
From critic's lamp, so dazzling bright
On Scotia's literary night.
While Envy's minions howling fled,
And Malice at thy touch fell dead:
Why need I tell each champion bold,
Whose deeds in critic page enroll'd,
Spurr'd on their steeds, through thousands slain
Of liver-hearted Englishmen:
The British meteor-valour flown,
When Caledonia claim'd her own;
And number'd, 'mong her worthier sons,
The Leslies, Halls, and Robinsons.

Their fame is gone! their pride is fled,
Their names are numbered with the dead;
When nerveless fell thy palsied arm,
All Scotia shrunk with dire alarm;
Thy *Jameson* drooped, thy *Stewart* wept,
No more thy fav'rite minstrel slept;
And o'er thy much-lov'd offspring's bier,
*Horner* made due lament, and dropt a kinsman's tear!

Dear Jeffery! well thou know'st, for well
Each scene of life thy lips can tell;
Well know'st thou dangers perilous,
That fall to school-boy ravenous,
When usher sleeps, and master's eye
Is wrapt in silent ecstasy.

Well hast thou known the cautious creep
Of trembling urchin half a sleep;
Down the dark stairs his footsteps tread,
(His schoolboy *chum* in downy bed)
Trace the lone vault, the dampy floor,
And cautious ope the pantry door;
When sudden meets his anxious gaze,
The splendor of phosphoric blaze,
Rising from roasted root of yore,
By saint of fam'd Hibernia bore
In mouth from kindred shoulders tore,
Or *turbot*, such as bore upon
Old Launcelot's escutch-e-on;
Shews him, on various dish around,
Where dainty *haggis* may be found;
And from what loaded shelf aright
To fill his schoolboy appetite;
Till in unlucky hour he snatch
Companion of his midnight watch,
And tears in ruthless jaw piece-meal;
(Condemn'd, a luckless wight, to feel
That glutton haste had made him eat,
What serv'd at once for light and meat).
Then shivering still, and half unfed,
Unwilling shrinks, and cold to bed.

Nor less, my friend, thou erst hast scann'd
The savage imp of Newfoundland
Seize untrimm'd lamp, that, quiv'ring pale,
Shines on the skeleton of whale,
That, just before, its light had shewn
His hands to pull the flesh from bone;
Drink up its oil with eager haste,
Then dark and lonesome sink to rest.

So strong thy friendly blaze, and bright,
Illum'd our literary night;
From Archy's* shop its glorious ray
Of learning shone on critics' way;
And cheering light so friendly flung
On glen, when Ettrick's minstrel sung,
Till time, whose steps its flame had shone,
In steady path to wander on:
A luckless day! in Archy's shop,
With anger direful made a pop;
And ruthless act! in woeful hour,
His stock of learned food devour;
Untimely seize the useful light,
Then sink himself in endless night:
Bright lamp, he cried, no more I see!
Fit punishment for *swallowing thee!*

Come, then, my Jeffery, come; no more
Torment thy mind with learned lore;
To Ettrick's humble glen repair,
For peace and harmony are there.
'Tis passing sweet to walk around
My much-lov'd farm and garden ground!
Where pot-herbs grow and melons thrive,
In space of feet full eight by five;
And moonlight walk the terrace green,
Extending twenty by fifteen;
Or calmly view the passing rill,
Where ducks a dozen *waddle still.*
Happy the wight who well can know
To bound his wishes here below;
No palace built by fancy wand,
Nor eastern princess' snow-white hand,

* Archibald Constable, publisher of the Edinburgh Review.

To poet's mind such charms can give
As humble cot, in which to live
And cheerly pass the summer day
With mirth and merry roundelay:
Nor Black-friars wynd, so sweet to me,
(Though long inhabited by thee),
When lofty tower, up stories seven,
With paper'd lattice rose to heaven.
Come, then, and list with friendly ear,
And thou of marvellous phantasies shalt hear.

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Having extended the present article to a length, which nothing but the merit of our extracts, and the importance of the subject, can possibly excuse, we must conclude by expressing our decided opinion, that Mr. Scott's MAC ARTHUR is by no means inferior in the general requisites of poetical excellence to his preceding compositions. The story, as our readers will perceive from our epitome, is much more interesting and consistent than those of his Lay of the Last Minstrel and his Marmion; and our extracts will afford sufficient evidence that his versification has lost none of its spirit or its HARMONY.

We trust that our readers will feel duly grateful for the few pearls that we have been able to select from so valuable a treasure; and we are not without hope that the extraordinary gift which has rendered the assistance of our colleague so serviceable on this occasion, may hereafter be found of infinite utility in the elucidation of many important political and literary subjects. We have taken the liberty to direct his attention more particularly towards the houses of parliament, and hope to be enabled hereafter to give very accurate poetical sketches of parliamentary speeches, without being compelled to hear them; a privilege which must excite no inconsiderable degree of envy in the minds of the *newspaper* reporters.

It is remarkable that this singular power is only enjoyed by our colleague in that state of waking slumber, which we have described in our last number: we, therefore, recommended him to attend the second representation of VENONI. During the first two acts, the experiment promised to succeed, and at the beginning of the third, he was just preparing to sink into the *desired state*. As the act proceeded, however, his drowsiness was changed into an irresistible propensity to laughter, the serious parts of the piece being so remarkably *funny*, and he was obliged to retire without having made any important discoveries.

## HINTS TO FEMALE LECTURERS.

"Delightful task, to rear the tender thought."

DELIGHTFUL, indeed, it must be, if we may judge from the immense number who have engaged in it from, the humble board with "young ladies heddicated here," to the dashing female seminary in some crowded outlet of the metropolis, where young ladies are *finished* for the polite world.

As it is not the fashion yet for you, my fair friends, to *lecture* in public, I shall offer you a few hints for your private guidance, so that your female colleges may soon pass for the most philosophical nurseries of modern folly; and prove you to be fully qualified to instruct your *protegées* in all "the *rights of women*." Man has been defined "a two legged animal without feathers; but as for woman, she, I fear, is completely undefinable, at least to her Plato's definition will not apply, for she is evidently a two legged animal *with feathers!* we shall, therefore,

skip over all primary principles, and enter at once on our subject.

As you have a variety of dispositions to manage, let nature have her own way; this gives freedom to the young shoot and prevents genius being cramped; it is also a certain way of pleasing the tender mamas, whose best hopes are under your charge. I recommend this, the more particularly, as it shews the advantage of the modern, over the old fashioned clear starched management of our grandmothers.

If you can strike out a new system of education, your fame is established; let it be different from all others, and if it is *impracticable*, the more credit will fall to your share for putting it in execution.

Let my female Socrates, therefore, go on boldly; as to the old fashioned exercises of sewing, knitting, &c. they are totally unnecessary; we never hear *now a days* of young ladies working the Lord's Prayer or Ten Commandments in tent stitch; indeed I believe there are few of them *could* do it, unless they had the book before them.

No! we must now fly at higher game, therefore, study astronomy and natural philosophy, and write a book on them; the thing is easily done: five shillings laid out at "*the Temple of the Muses*," will give you matter enough to spin out half a dozen boarding school treatises.

Be careful to treat largely on the doctrine of projectiles, of oscillation, and of falling bodies; these subjects will be wonderfully useful to your young ladies in their progress through life. You may also instruct them in the secrets of attraction, repulsion, and centripetal forces, which, with the knowledge of the cube root, and the nature and uses of angles, circles, curves, and perpendiculars, are subjects well fitted to their capacities; as to to the application of these sciences, you need take but little care, they will find *that* out themselves.

With respect to some other *scientific* parts of education, it may be as well to explain them familiarly to the young philosophers, in order that they may astonish their parents at vacation time. Thus you enable them to acquaint their wondering papas and mamas, that three times across a pudding is once round out; but if old Surly should ask them how they would *make* the pudding, they may say that as yet they are only learning the doctrine of *superficials*; but if he wishes to consider the structure of *solids*, he may consult the learned Hannah Glasse, who, they suppose, treats on this subject. What father, after such a brilliant specimen of filial repartee, will grudge the expence of a modern education.

Lest old Square Toes should complain of their gadding too much, you will prepare them to excuse themselves by a dissertation on the *vis inertiæ*, which must always be overcome by an *impetus;* this again, *è contra*, will serve as a good apology for idleness.

If they break a favourite china cup of mama's, or let fall her essence bottle, they must be taught to lay the blame, not, as heretofore, on the cat, but *on gravity!* and when asked "*to do their music*," should the instrument be out of tune with their voices, they may say, "that the vibrations not being isochronous, from the unequal tension of the strings, they are afraid the harmony will be very discordant." This will please the gossips, and as they cannot understand, they will not, of course, be disposed to contradict it.

In this *new line* of instruction, however, you must not promise too much, as, in that case, many parents may be disappointed like the honest chandler, who boasted at his club, that he would now save five shillings a year in almanacks, as his daughter Sukey had learnt to calculate eclipses: moreover, likewise, as she could tell the length of the day and the night, *he* could always calculate when his

customers would be likely to lay in their stock of candles."

If to these sciences you add *moral philosophy*, your system will be complete. I do not mean the *old* system of moral philosophy in the *new* Testament, or even in Epictetus or Marcus Antoninus; no, no; it is the modern school I recommend. Teach them that there are no virtues except those which can be proved logically; that the passions were implanted in us by the Deity, and therefore to gratify them is only fulfilling the laws of nature; teach them that true virtue consists in independence of mind unshackled by prejudice or restriction, and that where no harm is intended, no harm can be done; teach them that modesty is indelicate as it presupposes an acquaintance with vice; and, above all things, do away that illiberal idea of distinction between the sexes, and convince them that woman is equal to man at any time.

If you find yourself deficient in this philosophy, a slight reference to some modern publications will be necessary; and you may, at the same time, refresh your memory by referring to some of our late systems of education.

And here let me recommend to you, to form a good theory, and when that is done, you need give yourself but little concern about the practice.

As our English systems of education are become unfashionable, you must import one from our theoretic and philosophical neighbours, though indeed, on recollection, you are already in possession of one from an *admired* pen.

To the *educative* part of which work, I can only see *two* objections, one is, that the plan is impracticable, the other, that if practicable, it would be useless.

With respect to the other part of the work, I can only admire it, and lament that it is not more attended to in this enlightened country; particularly where the tender

mother takes her dear boy Theodore into company, and encourages him in arranging an affair of gallantry with a married lady; this has never been excelled, though I believe, for the honour of old England, it has been nearly equalled by some of our Chesterfield's maxims.

One great end and design of education is, to free the mind from the follies and absurdities of superstitious ignorance; to this you must pay particular attention, and as familiarity with danger forms the veteran, you must act on the same principle, and accustom your young pupils to all the horrors of ghosts, hobgoblins, &c. As to the stories of "*raw head and bloody bones*," or "the *man coming to take them away*," I presume your fair pupils have got over these idle fears; you must therefore train them to something more horrific, as young recruits are taught to flash in the pan, before they fire blank cartridges. With respect to elementary books in this science, you cannot be at a loss, as the next library can furnish you with a whole phantasmagoria, where the soft sentimental females are all courageous, and after seeing a sufficient quantity of horrors in one gallery to frighten Old Nick himself, Matilda or Angelina walks boldly on, resolved to conquer or die, or at least *to satisfy her curiosity*.

With respect to this part of education, it ought to be well timed; one philosopher of antiquity taught his pupils whilst they were walking; another thought his science could only be acquired in the deep embowering shades; and at the academy in Laputa, the scholars swallowed their lessons fasting; but in imitation of the musical instructors of canary birds, you are to allow your fair *elèves* to study in the dark, at least at night, or when in bed; and this mode has great advantages; it saves time, and allows them more leisure for their amusements.

Your fair pupils thus accomplished, they are ready for the instructions of the male lecturers, and no doubt, fully

prepared to go through the whole course of experiments in natural history, either with or without book, I shall, therefore, most learned ladies, bid you adieu.

CROP THE CONJUROR.

## CONFESSIONS OF A METHODIST.

MR. SATIRIST,

As you appear to take such peculiar interest in all that concerns the dear people called Methodists, I conceive that the instructive memoir, of which I subjoin the first part, will not be unacceptable to you. How it came into my possession is not of importance to you to know. Thus far, however, I may tell you. It was found in a secret pocket of a black coat, left in the bed-room of a pious sister, whence, on the sudden and unexpected approach of her husband, the saintly owner had fled without that necessary part of human adornment. It has every appearance of having been intended for the press; and it would be a great loss to the world if the intentions of the author should, by the impertinent intrusion of a husband, be defeated. It remains with you, Mr. Satirist, to rescue his pious labours from oblivion. Whether he be a plagiarist or not I will not take on me to decide, because similar circumstances will naturally suggest similar ideas: one man's description of hanging would serve for twenty cases. But you, who have lately considered with so much attention the works of the Saints, will be astonished to find the striking similarity which this memoir, entitled by the author "*Confessions of a Methodist*," bears to those goodly works, "*The Coalheaver's Confession*," "*Advocates for Devils*," "*Bank of Faith*," "*Barber*," "*Coalheaver's Cousin*," "*Forty Stripes for Satan*," "*Innocent Game for Babes of Grace*," "*Music and Odours of Saints*," &c. &c. At other opportunities, as

I have leisure, I shall furnish you with copies of the remaining parts of the work. The original itself, which I consider as an invaluable *MS.*, I intend to present to the Evangelical Museum, now forming under the illustrious auspice of the Bishop of ———, those enlightened philosophers, Sir J. E. and R. H., and those pious ornaments of the senate, Messrs. G—t and Th—n.

I am, Mr. Satirist, your's,

MISOPHENAX.

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## CONFESSIONS OF A METHODIST.

### PART I.

"Those providences which appear rather out of the common line are hard nuts in the mouth of a weak believer,"* yet those that have teeth to crack them, will find the kernel sweeter than filberts or hazel nuts; and those whose teeth are rotten should provide themselves with good strong nutcrackers, even the nutcrackers of faith. "My conscience has often lashed me for not keeping a day-book, where I might minute down the many conspicuous providences of my Master, which have appeared to me in time of trouble,"† from whence I might have entered them up in my ledger, and regularly struck a balance of the debtor and creditor account current between the Lord and me: "but now I have nothing to trust to but my own treacherous memory;"‡ and if that deceive me, other people have no more reason to complain than myself. "I shall descend, however, to the most minute circumstances,"‖ because it is as easy to remember one thing that is forgotten as another. "I am informed that it is common among horse-jockeys to cry down

* Bank of Faith, Part I. Dedication, p. iii. † Ibid. p. iv.
‡ Ibid. p. iv. ‖ Ibid. p. ix.

a horse if his heels are too light;"* I know I have been cried down, but I know my own weight: I give nobody a good word, and I want nobody to give me one: 'I choose that my story and reputation should stand and fall together; it shall never be the Tinker and Co.'†

I have often heard my mother say, that I was born on a warm summer's night in the year 1763; and as I happened to make my first appearance on this worldly stage under a hedge, I have always regarded it as a peculiar interference in my behalf so to have ordered the time of my begetting, that, according to the course of nature, I should be born at a season when I might suffer less from the forlorn nakedness of my situation than I should have done in colder weather. Not that I intend to accuse my mother of any want of parental tenderness; for, in truth, her own apparel was too scanty to spare any for her infant. In speaking of my birth it might be expected that I should give some account of my parentage. A long line of ancestors is a common subject of boast with many people; but though I trust the Lord has given me as great a number of ancestors as any prince in Christendom, yet I profess not to know any thing of my progenitors, even on the maternal side, higher than my grandmother. This, indeed, is the less to be wondered at, since none of our family, as I have heard, ever knew who their fathers were: not that this even is an absolutely singular case, but when it comes to be the distinguishing characteristic, to run in the blood, as it were, of a family, there is surely something in it rather remarkable. As to my own immediate fraternity, however, there was less reason to doubt; as, from the peculiarity of her situation, my mother had no opportunity of intimate converse with more than two persons, the ordinary and hangman of the prison where she was

* Bank of Faith, Part I. Dedication, p. xv. † Ibid.

confined. She was to be tried on suspicion of having disposed of an infant, who, had he lived, would have been my elder brother; and as the evidence of the fact was very strong, my mother entertained not the least hope of an acquittal. For she was one that walked in darkness, and knew not the power of faith: she trusted to the flesh rather than to the spirit. It was necessary to think on some mode of respiting the sentence which she had too much reason to believe would be pronounced upon her; and none appeared so practicable and certain as putting herself in a condition to become a mother again. She did not want the outward adornment of beauty, and both the ordinary and the hangman very readily offered their services, which she, to make assurance doubly sure, as the poet of the wicked ones hath it, as readily accepted; and to one, or both of them, am I indebted for life. My mother, however, had no occasion for the plea which she had thus industriously prepared: for, before the time of her trial, the hand of the Lord had smote the principal witness against her, even unto death; and she was discharged for want of evidence. Thus the same Providence which had watched over my first formation preserved my mother to rear my tender infancy, and train me up in the way that I should walk. But when she escaped from bondage her plight was very wretched, her raiment was bare and ragged, and the passers by would jeer and mock her; nor had she any food but what Providence laid in her way, to which, however, she always very thankfully helped herself, without enquiring who might be the owner. At the time when I was born she was so much exhausted that she could not stir from the ditch, which was my birth-place. Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth: but he that clotheth the lily of the field, and bringeth food to the young raven when he crieth, shall he not care for you also, oh ye of little faith? So it proved with us;

for when my poor mother was near approaching even unto the very gates of death, Providence sent a charitable rat-catcher, who, looking with an eye of pity on our situation, took us under his wing. Beneath this shelter I grew up, and waxed in strength, and was the terror of rats wherever I came. When, however, I was about five years of age, my mother, who in the mean time had added four children to the rat-catcher's travelling stock, being inwardly melted by the powerful grace of a wandering tinker, left the charitable rat-catcher, and taking me along with her, entered into a sweet communion of love with the godly tinker. From this period, though unconscious at the time of the workings of Providence in my behalf, I date my regeneration. The tinker, who was a *fine man*, early instructed me both by precept and example, in the folly and wickedness of good works. He told me that the Lord "took notice of children's sins. The wonderful workings of my mind upon these words I shall not at present descant on; neither shall I mention the many trials I underwent at the bar of my own conscience while the impression dwelt on my mind."* But as I understood that good works were sinful, I determined never to be guilty of one, that I might not offend the Lord. I lost no opportunity of carrying this saintly system into practice; and whenever the Lord provided me a hen-roost to rob, I had ever too reverend and grateful a regard for his providence to go without a supper.

After some time the pious tinker settled in his native village. I had learnt the mysteries of his trade, and most religiously observed the custom of making two holes where I mended one. But Providence had designed me for higher things than stopping holes in the bottoms of pots and kettles. I once heard the tinker say, that all

* Bank of Faith, p. 1.

things were possible with the Lord; which words I secretly treasured up, and rivetted in my mind as firmly as I would drive a rivet into a saucepan: "and as I had a great desire at that time to live in the capacity of an errand-boy, with a certain gentleman in the place, knowing much the want of a good belly-full, it came into my mind, that if all things were possible with the Lord, it was also possible for him to send me to live as a servant-boy with Squire Cooke; though at the same time he had a boy who, I believed, was well approved of."* Indeed I did not see any reason, since every thing was possible with him, why he should not send me there to live as a *maid*-servant. However, as I preferred the other, "I privately asked the Lord, in an extempore way, to give me that boy's place; and made many promises how good I would be, if he granted me this request. For many days I privately begged this favour of the Lord, which nobody knew but the Lord and myself, till now I relate it:"† for I never told it before myself, and I am sure I can depend upon him. "I believe I went on in this way of praying, sometimes under a hedge, when I had occasion to go there, sometimes on my bed, for a week or two; and I thought if the Lord granted me this favour, I should know whether all things were possible with him or not. Having prayed for many days, and finding no likelihood of answer, I left off for some time, and then began again, till at last I left off entirely. Some few days after this there came a man, and said, 'William, Squire Cooke wants a boy; why don't you go after the place?' I said, 'John Dungy lives there.' He answered, 'No, he is turned away.' I asked for what. He replied, 'Old Master Coly, the oyster-man, went there a few days ago to carry some oysters; and while the old man was gone with a

* Bank of Faith, p. 2. † Ibid.

measure of them into the house, the boy robbed the pads, as they hung on the horse while he was tied up at the gate; and the mistress seeing him, discharged him for it.' "*

In this again I plainly saw the work of Providence. John Dungy had offended against the precept which says, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doth:"† now it is not only very probable that John Dungy passed the oysters from one hand to the other, by which the left hand became acquainted with the act of the right, but it is certain that he let his mistress see what he was about, for which he justly lost his place. "This was the secondary cause, but I resolve it by the primary one;"‡ viz. that Providence being determined that I should have the place, made John Dungy steal the oysters, and at the same time betrayed the theft. As I walked towards Squire Cooke's, "I went under a hedge, and I cut a stick half through, and bent it down in the hedge," and spit upon it for good luck, "somewhat like poor Jacob in his trouble, when he anointed the pillar, by pouring a little oil upon the top of it, and I promised to look at the stick on my return, and render praise to the Lord if he granted my request."§ And I kept my word, too, as I generally do, when I can get nothing by breaking it: so, after I was hired, I went down into the ditch, and I looked at the stick for a full minute, for which I do not doubt the Lord was very much obliged to me.

Well, now, I had got the place, I was quite comfortable; and I began to think how I should make the most of it. For though, indeed, I was Squire Cooke's servant, I knew it was my first duty to serve myself. And I can

* Bank of Faith, p. 2.

† "The devil can quote Scripture for his purpose."—SHAKSPEARE. Note en passant by the SATIRIST.

‡ Bank of Faith, p. 29. § Ibid.

say with a safe conscience, that I was never guilty of neglecting this duty in a single instance from the time of my birth even until now; and the Lord hath rewarded me accordingly. But now the vanities of the flesh began to lay snares for me; and I became a backslider,—yea, I committed the greatest sin, the most enormous wickedness of which sinful soul could be guilty. Unmindful of the kind providences which I had received, and tempted by the wicked maids, "having wholly got out of all fear of the Lord, or thoughts of futurity, I very soon learned to dance; which is just as serviceable a net to ruin souls as devils could invent, or frail mortals drop into."* I could dance *Green Sleeves* and *Bobbing Joan;* and many other lewd and wicked dances did the maids teach me, for which, no doubt, the devil will lead them a pretty dance in hell. "But the Lord put a stop to this by laying a fit of sickness on my tabernacle. I laboured hard rather than submit to go to bed; and made a shift to keep dancing as long as I was able to stir a peg; but at last I was forced to yield. Then my conscience began to do her office, and the wrath of the Lord to alarm me; so that I was fully convinced that he took notice of my dancing in this world, and would make me pay the piper for it in the next. I lay in this state of mind till I had an earnest of damnation in my heart; and I had not a single doubt of my portion in everlasting burnings, if I died before I could atone for my dancing; I was fully assured that I should have to dance a hornpipe on a sheet of boiling sulphur: and I employed myself in thinking what sort of capers I should cut, so as to keep off from the sulphur as long as possible. These terrible thoughts brought me so nigh the end of all flesh, that the rattles of death stopped my breath twice. The second time death sprung his rattle I

* Bank of Faith, p. 27.



S. Tipper, Printer, Leadenhall-street.

got out of bed to run away, but could not, for I fell flat on the floor, and there lay till my fellow-servants found me, and put me into bed again by force. Soon after, I heard one of the maids say, one of those wicked ones who had tempted me to dance, "Poor William will certainly kick the bucket this bout." "Aye," said the other, "Dr. Wilson has given him over:—he will never dance a jig with us again." They knew not that I heard them, and how I hated them for their jigs. But when I found that I was really so near death's door, I just whispered to the Lord to be good enough to let me live, and immediately I stood up in the bed as strong and as well as ever I was in my life. And the maids stared with wonder at me, and not knowing what to make of it, ran out of the room in a fright. But I directly quitted my place, and went home to my mother and the tinker, and never danced any more from that hour to this. What I did else will appear in the succeeding parts of my story.

## STRICTURES ON COBBETT.

### No. IV.

We have hitherto felt no other sentiment than those of hatred and disgust for this abandoned hypocrite; but the abject state to which he has been recently reduced, compels us to regard him with some degree of PITY, and nothing but a strong sense of duty urges us to increase the measure of his misery and disgrace.*

How boldly the now fallen and trembling wretch blustered, while he foolishly imagined that the terrors of his venomous abuse would deter his literary antagonists from exposing his villainies, and secure the victims of his slander from appealing to the outraged laws of his country;

* The poor wretch did not dare to shew his face at the Hampshire election.

but now he finds that, clothed in the armour of conscious rectitude, we have dragged into light his naked infamies, and that the ATTORNEY GENERAL has lifted the sword of justice to punish his iniquities, he has recourse to such mean and dastardly subterfuges, that we should not be astonished to behold him crouching at the feet of the illustrious personage whom he has so repeatedly bespattered with "the low ordure of his abuse." When FINNERTY published his impudent libel upon the Duke of York, Cobbett thus noticed it in his infernal Register:—"Little room as I have, I cannot help pointing out to the attention of my readers a pamphlet just published under the following title, '*An Appeal to the Public, and a farewel Address to the Army, by* BREVET MAJOR HOGAN, *who resigned his Commission in consequence of the Treatment he experienced from the Duke of York, and of the System that prevails in the Army respecting Promotion.*' This I scruple not to say is the *most interesting* publication that has appeared in England for many years. It should be read by every individual in the nation. Oh, what a story does this gentleman tell! What a picture does he exhibit! What FACTS does he unfold!"—Vide Political Register, Oct. 22, 1808.

And again, Oct. 29, "MAJOR HOGAN'S *interesting* pamphlet is, I see, working its way. It *must work* and *must lead to good.*"—He then proceeds to praise two vile books against the same illustrious personage, written by the most infamous scribbler (himself perhaps excepted) that ever defrauded the gallows—the notorious THOMAS HAGUE. Here we perceive all the natural malignity of the venomous wretch who, to stigmatise the son of his monarch, praises as *true* and *interesting* the filthy productions of two atrocious scoundrels. But the moment he had cause to apprehend that the chastisement due to his enormities was about to be inflicted by the strong arm of the law, he

sneakingly endeavoured to appease the just vengeance which he had excited, by pretending to doubt the authenticity of the fabricated tale of PETER FINNERTY, whom he well knew was the real author of *Hogan's Appeal*. In his Register of December 3, he talks about publishing the numbers of the notes, an idea which, by the bye, had been before suggested by the friends of the Duke of York; and in that of December 10, he thus expresses himself—"MAJOR HOGAN does not yet answer, nor any one for him. He certainly stands, therefore, *convicted* of a falsehood, a most base and *malignant falsehood;* and he stands convicted too by that press to which he himself had resorted. Thus, and it is so in every instance where a free scope is given to discussion, the truth finally prevails, and the promulgator of falsehood is punished in *the best of all possible ways, without any recourse to the law.*"—Page 903.

The last sentence was doubtless meant as a *hint* to *the Duke of York* and the ATTORNEY GENERAL; but we sincerely hope, as WELL-WISHERS TO OUR COUNTRY, that they will be firm in their opinion, that such hardened offenders as Finnerty, Hague, and Cobbett, deserve a very different punishment from that which is there recommended.* "A correspondent," he continues, "laughs

* Of Mr. Cobbett's own *merciful* and *forgiving* disposition the following proofs are convincing.

When Mr. Beloe and some other young gentlemen were tried for breaking Cobbett's windows, who would not shew any lights on a night of general illumination, the magistrate who presided recommended the prosecutor to look upon it as a drunken frolic, and be satisfied if the offenders paid him for the loss he had sustained. "Sir," replied Mr. Cobbett, like another *Shylock*, "I came here for justice, *not for mercy.*"

In the kitchen of the Dolphin Inn, at Botley, Hants, the following *notice* is posted up in the hand-writing of William Cobbett.

at me for being the *dupe* of Major Hogan: he may as well laugh at a jury and judge for being the *dupes* of a perjured witness."—Page 903.

Now there never was a more unfortunate illustration than this; for no judge or jury (unless we can suppose it possible to find twelve men with principles similar to William Cobbett's) would think of convicting any de-

FAIR WARNING.

"Some *villain or villains* having cut off several young trees, and otherwise damaged the woods in the manor of Fairthorn, I hereby give notice, that the first *person* who shall be detected in the like, or who *shall* be found *trespassing* on any part of the said manor, *will* be prosecuted by me, let *them* be who *they* may; and that *nothing shall induce me to forgive them.* That no one may hereafter plead ignorance of *the same*, I hereby give, from the Salisbury newspaper of the 7th of this month, the following extract:

"On Saturday two young men were publicly whipped in the mar-
"ket-place of this city. They brought this punishment and disgrace on
"themselves, by cutting and destroying young trees in the woods of
"the Earl of Radnor, of which they were convicted at the last Quar-
"ter Sessions, when the statute imperatively obliged the Bench to
"sentence them to three months imprisonment, to be three times
"publicly whipped, and to give security for their good behaviour for
"two years."

"For the second offence the punishment is transportation for life. Now after this warning let no one complain of severity. If any one is caught, I will *listen* to neither *parents* OR *friends*, but am resolved to give every offender the *full measure of the law.* I hereby offer a reward of Ten Guineas to any person who will *inform* to conviction against any one committing the above *crimes* in the said manor of Fairthorn.

"I offer a reward of Ten Guineas to whomsoever shall *inform* to conviction against the *villain or villains* who have maliciously destroyed part of the bridge at Botley.

"I give this notice *once for all.* I will *never give another.* PUNISHMENT is now what remains to be INFLICTED.

(Signed) WM. COBBETT."

"Botley, 11th March, 1808."

fendant, of any improbable crime, upon the bare assertion, or even oath, of a single witness, without minutely examining into the merits of the case. This correspondent, however, must pardon us if we laugh at him for supposing Cobbett to have been the *dupe* of *Major Hogan*. The fact is, we verily believed that he never believed a syllable of the bank-note and barouche stories, but affected to consider them as palpable truths, in order to gratify his low malice against the illustrious personage whom they were intended to injure, but whom he now, through *rank cowardice*, would fain conciliate. "Another correspondent," says he, "*laments* the pamphlet will *now* have an effect the *contrary* of what it was intended to have. The fact will certainly be so; but *it is not a proper subject of* LAMENTATION."—Page 904.

What!—is it not a proper subject of *lamentation*, that "the *most interesting* pamphlet which had appeared in England for many years," and which, as he asserted, "*must work* and *must lead to good*," should be proved a base fabrication? Is it not a proper subject of lamentation, that all those stupendous advantages which he predicted would result from its publication should be annihilated *in embryo*? Oh, Mr. Attorney General, what a revolution hast thou already worked in the agitated mind of poor affrighted COBBETT!

Just as we had finished the last paragraph, we received his *infernal Register*, of December 17, the contents of which a little surprised us on our first perusal, as he has therein again attempted to advocate the cause of Major Hogan. But this defence is evidently "*a tub to the whale*;" for we can easily perceive that his affectation of impartiality is merely intended to delude his readers, without adding to the provocation which he has given to an illustrious personage. He *knows* that the whole story of the barouche has been discovered to be a diabolical

plot of PETER FINNERTY's, and he therefore thinks that when in his subsequent numbers he again denounces the pamphlet as a gross imposition, this apparent impartiality will mightily please both the public and the Duke of York.

His pretended ignorance of Major Hogan's being in America is perfectly ridiculous. "In another part of this sheet," says he, "will be found a letter from Major Hogan's publisher,* from which it appears that the Major is in America. This circumstance of the Major's being in America does indeed alter the case. It totally does away the ground of that reasoning whence I drew the conclusion that his relation, as far as belonged to the bank-notes, was false."—Page 936.

Can the hypocrite imagine that his readers will believe he was ignorant of Major Hogan's absence till he received this letter from *Peter Finnerty*, when the fact has long been known to all the town? WE KNOW *he read* in the last number of THE SATIRIST, the name of the vessel which conveyed the Major, and the day of his departure. We say *we know* he read an account of the circumstances in THE SATIRIST, for we have been informed, from undoubted authority, that the poor trembling dastard is as anxious to read our numbers as a wicked school-boy is to examine the nature of the rod which is destined to scourge him.

We do really think that Finnerty's letter to Cobbett, inserted in page 941 of the Register before us, is the most impudent, and at the same time the most silly production we ever had the misfortune to read. We know the man to be a scoundrel, but till now we did not suppose him to

* Which letter, by the bye, is dated *four days previous* to the publication of the Register, in which he declared the Major was convicted of a malignant falsehood.

be a fool. It would be waste of time to comment upon his execrable nonsense. The wretch is sunk, never to rise again, into the very abyss of infamy. Let him cling to the crew of Hague and Cobbett, for every man who is not blasted like himself in character, will shrink with horror from his pestiferous touch. The story of the barouche is no longer a mystery. The *lady* is known to have been FINNERTY's mistress.* The man from whom he hired the barouche, the man who drove it, and the man who acted as footman, *are all known*, and *Peter the Wild Boy* will most probably spend another "*proud hour*" upon the pillory.

Poor Cobbett tremblingly anticipates a similar fate. He knows that no good man will pity him. He feels that he is despised by those who were once his friends; and as the last effort of a despairing coward, he is endeavouring to conciliate his enemies. Even the Edinburgh Reviewers (who have, in their last number, endeavoured to render themselves *worthy of his friendship*) are now mentioned with respect and approbation. Those very men whom, in October, 1807, he branded with every ignominious epithet which his brain, ever fertile in the language of low abuse, could devise, whom he declared to be cowards in politics, and profligates in principle (vide Pol. Reg. vol. xii. p. 577.), and whose work he asserted to be blasted in reputation for ever (vide Pol. Reg. vol. xii. p. 577, &c.), he now (finding both their fortunes and his own in the wane) praises as deserving his gratitude for the great good they have done their country, calls their enemies "*hirelings*," and denomi-

* This lady, in consequence of a domestic quarrel with her keeper, confessed the whole plot to her aunt. She has since been persuaded, or rather *bribed*, to abscond; but the other evidences will we trust be forthcoming.

nates their publication "a celebrated work."—Vide Pol. Reg. vol. xiv. p. 906. We should have most cordially pitied Messrs. Jeffery and Co., had not their recent conduct most richly merited this damning degradation.

We have been most plentifully bespattered by the felons whose villainies we have detected, but proudly feel that no man can justly impeach our honour or integrity. It is in vain that Messrs. Finnerty and Hague accuse us of falsehood and slander: if they are not the characters we have represented them to be, why not appeal to the laws of their country for redress? We have boldly declared them to be infamous, and we pledge ourselves to prove, in open court, the veracity of our allegations.

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## NOTORIOUS FASHIONABLE CHARACTERS.

### No. IX.

Such is our adoration of woman, that we never lift our lash against even the most abandoned of the sex without emotions of pity, perhaps more strong, and *certainly* more *pure*, than ever glowed in the susceptible bosom of Lord Erskine, when he has been compelled to exert his eloquence against some lovely and atrocious prostitute. *But justice must be done!* and it is a pleasing reflection, that by chastising the wicked, we shall conciliate the esteem of the virtuous.

To the unhappy victim of seduction, who

> "Lured by some villain from her native home,
> Is cast abandoned on the world's wide stage,"

and driven, by imperious circumstances, to prostitution, we would more willingly extend the *shield*, than aim at her already lacerated heart the envenomed shafts of satire;

but for the hardened adulteress, who glories in her infamy; who sins not through necessity, but from innate depravity of soul; and who unblushingly obtrudes herself into virtuous society, to contaminate by her example, the voice of compassion must plead in vain. On HER condign punishment SHALL BE INFLICTED!

Lady Eliza ——, the heroine whose infamy we are about to record, is a native of the sister kingdom, where she was early initiated in the mysteries of Venus by an Irish gentleman of considerable wealth, and she became a prostitute before the marriage ceremony enabled her to be distinguished as an adulteress. Her sisters, equally beautiful and equally abandoned* as herself, neither endeavoured to conceal her infamy nor their own; and they were all as notoriously known to be *profligate spinsters*, as they now are to be *adulterous wives*. During the viceroyship of the late Duke of Rutland these frail fair ones were his constant visitors; and Eliza endeavoured, by every meretricious allurement, to captivate the heart of that gallant, gay young nobleman; and notwithstanding the unrivalled charms of his wife, she would probably have succeeded, had she not been anticipated by her elder sister. Shortly after this she became the wife of an officer, who, it appears, well knew the *value* of her charms, which he permitted her to dispose of *to the greatest advantage*.

Eliza had not long been married when she accompanied her sister on a *speculative tour* to Italy, where she subdued the heart of his Majesty of Naples. Proud of this triumph, she falsely declared that she would in future submit only to the embraces of princes. She obtained such complete influence over the affections of the Neapolitan monarch,

* The characters of these ladies may, perhaps, appear in a future number.

that he totally neglected his royal spouse; who, it has been confidently asserted, conferred upon her ladyship a considerable pension, on condition that she immediately quitted Italy.

On her return to England, she and her *honorable* husband agreed to live in separate houses, that she might be enabled to *carry on business* for their *mutual advantage* with greater facility. Lord — was her most constant and most profitable admirer; even his marriage with the young and beautiful woman, from whom he has been recently divorced, did not induce him to forsake his "*dear Lady Eliza;* and it is generally supposed that the discovery of one of her love letters to his lordship, first incited his unhappy wife to deviate from the path of virtue.

Lady Eliza has now attained that age when "the heyday of the blood is tame:" still, however, she continues, by unnatural means, to conceal the ravages of Time, and to allure the thoughtless and the rich to offer up their *golden oblations* at the shrine of her avarice and ****. Lord — has transferred his affections to another lady, and is no longer her dupe; nor is it probable that she will ever be able to retrieve her influence, for his lordship's new favorite is in a fair way to bind herself more firmly to him by a *natural tie.*

Avarice and lasciviousness are seldom united in the same person; but her ladyship and her sisters are as totally devoid of feeling and generosity as they are of modesty and virtue. While they are rioting in every species of debauchery, a beautiful and amiable *first cousin,* who, in their days of innocence, was the constant companion of their childish sports, is suffered to pine in a prison, where she, her husband, and two lovely daughters, have long been confined for a debt, which scarcely amounts to one hundred pounds. The distress of this hapless family has been communicated to these abandoned

women, but their ears are as deaf to the groans of their suffering relations, as their hearts are dead to the feelings of humanity. On this subject we shall make some further observations, when we present our readers with the character of the infamous *Eliza's* more infamous sisters.

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## A PLEA FOR PROVERBS, AND A SCRAP OF ETYMOLOGY.

STANHOPE, the witty and polite,
Who, with much labour, did indite
A book of never-failing rules,
To turn to knaves poor simple fools;
Galled (as I much incline to guess)
By some strong truth in homely dress,
To give his wit and anger vent,
Thus to his darling Philip sent:
"Beware of proverbs; use them not,
Or they your fair renown will blot;
And though they may proclaim you able
To sparkle at a kitchen-table,
Believe me, never will promote
Your int'rest with a man of note."
Then, just by way of peroration,
He gives a *witty* illustration;
And shewing how "*the vandal*" opes
His mouth, full cramm'd with homely tropes,
Again, with cautions strong and strict,
Reiterates his interdict.

Yet, maugre Stanhope's witty vein,
A thought has long possess'd my brain,
That oft much solid wisdom lies
Beneath the proverb's plain disguise;

As oft beneath a rude external,
We find the richest-flavour'd kernel.
To prove the truth of this position,
My Muse, with wond'rous expedition,
Of instances could give you plenty,—
Let one suffice as well as twenty.

The proverb by the maid design'd
To head her lecture, you will find
In *Phœdrus*, if his fables you hunt,—
*Non omnia omnibus congruunt;*
Which we in English thus explain,
"What's food for some is others' bane."
And now, with all convenient speed,
To th' exposition we proceed.
Once on a time—no matter when—
Five hundred years, perhaps, or ten,
A worthy monk (a *pize* on Fame!
Who has not register'd his name.)
O'ercome with philanthropic feeling,
Resolv'd to learn the art of healing;
And, like a cobbler, to make whole,
As well the body as the soul.

Fir'd at the thought, he cast his eye
Amidst the tenants of a sty;
And, on a novel practice bent,
Ventured a bold experiment:
Amidst the porkers' washy food,
A mess of *antimony* stew'd;
But what peculiar end he sought,
The page of his'try "sayeth not."
Forthwith the swinish multitude
'Gan raise their clamours, loud and rude;
All grunting, kicking, tossing, urging,
And troubled with a dreadful p——g,

Seem'd, as they writh'd beneath the smart,
To deprecate the doctor's art.
But, lo! a wonder! Shortly after
(A metamorphose worth your laughter,)
Each hog increas'd to such a size,
The doctor scarce believ'd his eyes;
And oft he rais'd his voice to bless
His patron-saint for such success.

Pleas'd at the change, the holy man
Determin'd to enlarge his plan;
And on each rev'rend brother try
The panacea of the sty:
For he had oft with sorrow seen
Their sickly hues, and bodies lean;
Such ills proceed (I grieve to tell!)
From the *excess* of living *well!*
So straight—the secret keeping close—
He gave to each a potent dose,
Hoping to fill each paunch thereby,
To a full friar's dignity.
But (sad to say!) they took so ill
This token of his kind good will,
That (as his knowledge to deride)
They, one and all, lay down and died!
Thus proving, past all contradiction,
My apothegm is not a fiction.

## PORCUPINE'S POCKET-BOOK.

MR. SATIRIST,

WALKING the other day near BOTLEY, I picked up the pocket-book, which accompanies this note. The papers and memorandums it contains appear to be rather curious; but I am not sufficiently acquainted with these mat-

ters to know whether they are of value sufficient to be advertized. By publishing some of the heads, however, in your work, the owner, if he should chance to read it, will see where he may recover his property; and I take the liberty of selecting you for this purpose, because your work is so very generally read.

I am, your's, &c &c.

*December*, 9. A. B.

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☞ The SATIRIST very willingly adopts A. B.'s suggestion, and, that the owner may be at no loss to recognize his property, adds a description of the book itself. It is bound in *black calf*, and lettered P. PORCUPINE. It is mounted with *brass*, of which, indeed, there is a great deal about it. P. PORCUPINE is a solid piece of brass. On the inside, by way of frontispiece, is pasted a disgusting drawing of a monster with two heads voiding excrement, and at the same time feeding on it. In the pockets of the book are several loose papers, the heads of which are subjoined. Part of the *asses skin* appears to have been roughly handled, and looks exactly as if *a cat had scrached it*. There are, however, several memorandums on it, some of which are copied below; the rest, the SATIRIST could not venture to transcribe, as he has not yet brought himself to consider his ears as an unnecessary ornament, or the wearing them a piece of foppery.

The following curious indorsements are on some of the papers found in the pocket-book.

"No. I. Plan for reconciling contradictions, and shewing that the same person may be a coward and a hero, a fool and a philosopher, a villain yet honest, a traitor and a patriot: or a mode of satisfying myself that a man may deserve the gallows, and at the same time be most worthy of my friendship and esteem.

"No. 2. The inutility of argument demonstrated logi-

eally, and the superiority of assertions to proofs clearly proved.

"No. 3. The whole art of LYING practically illustrated and adapted to the meanest capacity; with a large table of lies suited to every occasion, and rules for using them. N. B. This not to be published till after my death, reserving it at present for my own private use.

"No. 4. How to gull the public, shewn by a number of ingenious experiments performed with the greatest success by W. C. P. P. To which is added a newly-invented process for extracting gold from a jakes, as practised by the same professor. *Mem.* A patent is to be obtained for this last discovery, and, therefore, it will be of no advantage to any but the inventor."

There are some other loose papers consisting principally of money accounts relating to one POL. REG. Whether this POL. REG. is a lady kept by the owner of the book, or whether POL. REG. keeps him, does not appear.

Of the memorandums on the asses skin, the following are part.

"*Nov.* 3. Went into a coffee-house where I was not known. Heard every body enjoying the d—d blow up the SAT. has given me. One said the *Meteor* had thrown a proper light on my character. All agreed to cut me, and have no more to do with POL. REG. *Mem.* To get good intelligence whether the SAT. may be bribed or bullied.

"*Nov.* 4. Went to bed cursed savage with myself for having burnt my fingers with the infernal *Meteor*. Dreamed I was transformed into a cur, and snapping at the heels of a fine prancing courser, had my brains kicked out. Waked with a splitting head-ache. Went to Leadenhall-street to bully the publisher of the SAT. After walking up and down several times before his house to collect my spirits for the occasion saw him coming out. D—d ath-

Printed by S. Tipper, Leadenhall-street.

letic fellow—did not look as if he was to be frightened—so thought better of it—second thoughts are best. Coming back met poor Sir Richard—condoled with him on our mutual disgrace—nothing like having a companion in trouble.

"*Nov.* 5. *Mem.* To deduct 3s. 7d. from my next payment to S. H——, for not having told me the whole of the conversation that passed at his master's table last Wednesday relative to the P—— affair: and pay same to F——y, who had been asked there to dinner, and gave me the short-hand notes which he had secretly taken of all that was said.

"*Nov.* 6. Be called early to-morrow morning to go to Billingsgate, to collect a few rhetorical flowers for POL. REG.

"*Nov.* 7. Returned from Billingsgate without success. Fish-women mere tyros in abuse. All as insipid to me as swipes to a man used to gin. Plenty of fish but no sauce—good joke—studied it as I came home. *Mem.* Sport it as an extempore *bon-mot*, next time I eat turbot at B—'s."

The SATIRIST can proceed no further with this extract for the reason assigned above: but any person who can prove his right to the pocket-book, by stating the remainder of its contents, may receive it on application at the SATIRIST OFFICE.

## HINTS TO A MEDICAL LECTURER,

*Recently appointed to instruct the Cadets, &c. on the Diseases of the East Indies.*

SIR, *Bath, Dec.* 22, 1808.

I OBSERVED in the last number of that useful miscellany, the SATIRIST, a few "*Hints to Lecturers;*" but, by a strange fatality and oversight, the worthy author, who calls himself "*Crop the Conjuror*," has given no suggestions to *medical* lecturers. Finding by your advertisements, that the honourable Directors of the East India

Company have appointed you to be their medical lecturer, and conceiving that it may be of some importance to the public how you acquit yourself in this newly created office, I beg leave to propound my sentiments for your consideration in as summary a manner as possible.

In the first place, I most earnestly advise you to employ such new-fangled terms of art that your pupils cannot discover your meaning, and of course can make no complaints respecting the nature of your principles. I would, for example, talk much of "excitability," and "exhaustion," and "indirect debility," and "accumulation," and "diffusible stimuli," and other outlandish things belonging to "the science of life."

2. I would recommend you to cry down all regular and antiquated practitioners in medicine, all privileged bodies of physicians, all those who have come from English universities, and especially the "Fellows" of the college in London, who, you know, are downright fools in comparison with those who have imbibed the "doctrines of life" inculcated by the late Dr. John Brown, and the present Dr. Charles Maclean.*

3. You should rail most furiously against ignorant and unprincipled men, who call physic "a conjectural art;" and tell your pupils the "science of life" is founded on mathematical and self-evident principles, capable of strict demonstration, quite as much so as the theorems of Sir Isaac Newton, or the problems of Euclid. This, you are aware, will give a wonderful degree of confidence to your *elèves*, who will regard your dogmas as perfectly indubitable.

4. You will not forget to shew the "insignificance" of

* Is this the same gentleman that was thus advertised, by authority, in the HUE AND CRY of Sept. 28, 1805?

"DESERTER. Charles M'Lean, hospital-mate, absented himself at Cork from his duty, on the embarkation of the troops under Sir David Baird. He is near 40 years of age, about 5 feet 7 inches high, sallow complexion, with the appearance of having been in a hot climate; is of spare habit, and has strong prominent features."

all the productions and theories of modern teachers and authors; you will also not fail to deny the idea of "contagious and pestilential diseases," since it has been recently discovered by sublime pathologists that there is no such thing in nature as contagion, or at least that it "is by no means proved," and that the plague itself is incommunicable by means of the atmosphere, or by contact with infected persons.

5. The general practice, as I need not tell you, is to bleed in inflammatory disorders and cases of plethora; but this, you must inform your hearers, is a mischievous and Gothic custom; instead of which they should administer "the diffusible stimuli" very liberally; such as brandy, volatile salts, æther, tincture of cantharides, and two or three bottles of madeira, day by day.

6. Whereas the doses of powerful medicines (*e. g.* opium and mercury) have been limited by common practitioners to only one, two, or three grains; you must teach your students to give "five hundred drops of laudanum" every hour, five hundred more as opiate glysters, likewise to be repeated hourly; and to rub in two, three, or even "four ounces" of the "strongest" mercurial ointment at each time. You know who has said, that "an opposite conduct is dictated by a sly regard to reputation;" and that "the rising generation, in order to adopt the new doctrine, will not have many sacrifices to make." If patients, under the influence of so judicious a plan, should happen to be salivated to death, or should perish in a delirium, &c. &c. such events cannot be attributed to the *quantum* of mercury or opium administered, but to the want of perseverance and steadiness in such a reasonable plan: "the medicine itself is by no means to blame."

7. As vaccination has been practised in the East Indies with surprising success on more than a million subjects; and as it has been strenuously recommended by the dif-

ferent colleges in London, Edinburgh, Dublin, &c. &c. the lecturer will shew his independence of spirit and freedom of thought in opposing the Jennerian novelty with all his vigour, and in referring his pupils to the notable cases of failure (whether really true or false does not signify) detailed by Messrs. Mosely, Birch, Lipscomb, and Co. in a new periodical magazine, called the "Medical Observer," or "MONTHLY ABUSER."

The very few moments allowed me to collect my thoughts, and commit them to paper, must be an apology for the shortness of these hints: but I was unwilling to omit them altogether, as I understand your introductory lecture "on the diseases of hot climates" will commence January the 2d, 1808.

I remain, Sir, with due respect,
Your admirer and friend,
TIM. SOBERSIDES.

*To Dr. Charles Maclean,*
*Lecturer of the East India Company, &c. &c.*

## THE SNUFF-BOX IN DANGER.

MR. SATIRIST,

WHEN I first read of the philosopher of Lagado, who projected to extract sun-beams out of cucumbers, I was tempted to doubt my friend Gulliver's veracity. My scepticism led me to attribute the account to that species of latitudinarianism, in which travellers sometimes think themselves authorized to indulge. But I now acknowledge the presumption and folly of my incredulity. I am now fully convinced of the practicability of such a project; since methodism has extracted hell-fire out of tobacco. Nay, do not start, Sir; my statement is correct. Or, to take it out of the language of metaphor, the methodists

(whose *calling* is "to deal damnation round the world") have anathematized the pipe and the snuff-box!

This is, surely, a dreadful denunciation; extending from him who exhales mundungus, "ill-perfuming scent!" to the mild smoaker of herb-tobacco; from the beldam who gratifies her nose out of a paper-twist, to those who are, like Sir Plume,

"——— of amber snuff-box justly proud."

Mr. Adam Clarke—I beg his pardon, Dr. Adam Clarke—the evangelical librarian to the Surry Institution! some time since published a pamphlet, intitled, "A Dissertation on the Use and Abuse of Tobacco;" addressed "to all the tobacco-consumers in Great Britain and Ireland, *but especially to those among religious people.*"

In this publication the Doctor vehemently reprobates the "*impiety*" of using tobacco, in any state of preparation. He asserts, that "it merits the most cutting reproof." He details no fewer than seven dissuasive considerations, the last of which is, "for the sake of your *soul!*" He asks with earnestness, "do you not think that GOD will visit you for your loss of time, waste of money, and needless self-indulgence? "You tremble," he adds, "at the thought: well you may, for you are in great danger; may GOD look upon you, and save you before it be too late!!"

The first motto (for the Doctor has two) affixed to this book, will doubtless entertain you.

"To such a height with some is fashion grown,
They feed their very nostrils *with a spoon!*
One, and but one, degree is wanting yet,
To make our senseless luxury complete;
Some choice regale, useless as snuff and dear,
*To feed the mazy windings of the ear!!*"

This exquisite poetry is the production of Mr. S. Wes-

ley. *Euge, magne poeta!* I am in doubt which I ought to extol most, the taste which inspired, or the taste which quoted this delectable *morceau*. The figure of the spoon is incomparably sublime. But I am anxious to quiet the laudable apprehensions of this good gentleman, respecting "the mazy windings of the ear;" and to assure him that his fears will not, probably, be realised, because

*Segnius irritant animos* DEMISSA PER AUREM.

It is impossible, Mr. Satirist, to impute to a gentleman possessing your polite accomplishments, any acquaintance with the *quid;* and fashion forbids me to charge you with familiarity with the pipe. But, I have a strong suspicion that you are attached to the snuff-box. You attempt, perhaps, to justify your "impiety," by pleading the force of an inveterate habit. Dr. Clarke has exactly hit your case.

"You say, 'I am so long accustomed to it, [that] I cannot leave it off.' Alas! alas! your case is truly deplorable, you are shorn of your strength, and power is now lacking to bring the expostulations of conscience to good effect. However, try: see what GOD will do for you. I knew a woman in the east of this kingdom, who had taken snuff, and immoderately too, for the space of fifty years.' (*Fecerunt aliæ, etiamque bonæ*, Doctor). "With a person who frequently visited at her house, and who was as fully attached to the snuff-box as herself, she agreed to leave it off; and that the first that took any should forfeit half a dozen of wine to the other. In a short time she got uneasy, by and by miserable, and, lastly, ran quite distracted. She was then obliged to resume it. Not long after, hearing the preaching of the people called Methodists, she was deeply convinced of sin, and converted to GOD. From the *band-rules* of that society she learned, *that she*

*could not have a band-ticket till she had left it off.** To give it up, she was terribly afraid, remembering what she had suffered before on that account. However, she thought, *then*, I did it *in my own strength; now*, I will do it *in the strength of* God. She did so, &c."

In the first sentence of this quotation a desperate wound is inflicted on poor Priscian's head. "*I am so long accustomed to*† *it*," says the Doctor. Where did he study English Grammar?

I really feel great obligation to the Doctor, for his kind introduction "to the woman of his acquaintance in the east of the kingdom." Truly, she is a very jolly old lady, *mighty to mingle strong drink.* Who can fail to admire the penalty under which she bound herself to renounce the snuff-box? However, I must confess, that I think half a dozen of wine is not a very moderate quantity, for a *toties quoties* penalty.

On the first perusal of this anecdote I was considerably surprised that such a stipulation should be proposed, particularly by a female, to secure the performance of what was considered by the parties to be a religious duty; but a recurrence to a former part of the pamphlet taught me, that liquor is sometimes considered, by the Methodists, as a predisposing cause of devotion. The Doctor says, that

* Throughout this extract, I have preserved the typographical marks of emphasis used by the Doctor.

† For the satisfaction of the Doctor and his admirers (with whom nothing less than chapter and verse is available) I shall produce two instances from Dr. Johnson, in which this solecism is avoided.

"—— Nekayah *had been too long accustomed* to the conversation of Imlac, &c." *Rasselas*, Vol. I. cap. 25.

"—— to elevate the imagination of one who *had been so long accustomed* to praise and ecstacy, &c. *Rambler*, No. 133.

Examples might easily be multiplied; but I conceive these to be sufficient.

be has heard it assigned as a reason for taking a dram before divine service. *I* am in a better *spirit* for hearing! *have a more tender heart!!* and a better recollection of what I have heard, when I take a little brandy or gin before hand!!!"*

In a short time, however, this good woman "*got uneasy.*" By virtue of your office, Mr. Satirist, you are *arbiter elegantiarum;* but have your editorial functions, extending from the labors of dunces to those of doctors, ever introduced you to a more exquisite specimen?

But to return from this digression.—"In a little time she got uneasy, by and by miserable, and, lastly (poor woman!) ran quite distracted." Mark the sequel, Mr. Satirist. "Not long after, hearing the preaching of the people called the Methodists," she was converted, &c. So that, it appears from the Doctor's own statement, this good lady did not become a Methodist, until after she ran *quite distracted!* What a regular gradation!

From the band-rules of that society, however, she learned that she could not have a band-ticket (*alias* an admission to the love-feasts) sill she left off snuff. Be not surprised, Sir, at this prohibition of snuff. It will be found, I assure you, to be a very prudential regulation. We are informed by Butler that Sidrophel could, by virtue of his art, "Detect lost m—d-nh—ds by sneezing." Now if such a faculty exist, how natural and proper is it to exclude *sternutatories* from these *love-feasts!*

But what can be said, Mr. Satirist, of the passages in which the Doctor implores GOD to "look upon his readers, and save them (from the condemnation of using tobacco) before it be too late;" exhorts them "to try, and see what GOD will do for them;" speaks of abandoning the snuff-box "in the strength of GOD;" and talks

* Ireland for ever! good Doctor. "I have a better recollection of what I *have heard*, when I take a little brandy or gin *before hand!*"

of "the mercy of GOD rescuing a woman from the body of this death?" Can the most indulgent charity call these expressions by any milder name than that of b——y? "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy GOD in vain," is a commandment of divine authority, against the violation of which an express commandment is denounced. Now if the invocation of the Deity contained in these expressions be not, I am unable to conceive what can be, a profanation of his holy name.

I remain, Mr. Satirist, your obedient servant,

*Nov.* 7, 1807. ANGLICANUS.

## A NEW ELECTION SONG.

BY SCRUTATOR:

*Composed for Insertion in the First Number of a Work, to be published next February, entitled, the Detector; and recommended to be sung by the East India Company's Medical Lecturer.*

I.

YEARS ago, in the East, from Brunonian schools,
I unfolded "the science of life;"
And I here, disregarding the Warwick-lane fools,
Will maintain it against all their strife.

II.

When the Governor Wellesley imprison'd me close,
And transported me cruelly home,
It afforded my thoughts of sedition repose,
And inclin'd me through Europe to roam.

III.

Then deserting my post, as an indigent mate,
I eluded the hardships of war;
And by trying the principles lodg'd in my pate,
They have prov'd to be better by far.

IV.

By drams, ounces, and pounds, I dispense deadly wares,
Which the "Fellows" dose only by grains:
Such a plan is effectual; but, as for theirs,
It exuded from cold addled brains.

V.

Who'd peruse their dull books; or, for medical skill,
To their fountains of learning repair?
If my practice is bold, I have licence to kill
By a vote of the East India chair.

VI.

Though the king, lords, and commons, the state, and the church,
To expel dread contagion, unite;
With brave Campbell, and Moseley, Reece, Lipscomb, and Birch,
I'll diffuse it from envy and spite.

VII.

I have learnt how to humbug the wealthy John Bull,
Which was all I was anxious to know;
My "OBSERVERS," I'll cram with abuse to the full,
And will spurn the vile "College," my foe.

*** Notes to the above song will appear in the DETECTOR.

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## HUMAN SCREECH-OWLS.

Urere nec miserum cessant suspiria pectus.
Vis dicam, male sit tibi, Tucca? Bene est.
MARTIAL. lib. 10. epist. 13.

MR. SATIRIST,

There are certain fastidious people in the world whose whole faculties appear to be absorbed in the contemplation of evil, who peep, like the devil in Milton, over the wall of Paradise, and shudder at the prospect, ever auguring misfortune, as a wholesome check, no doubt, on immode-

rate joy, and are never so happy as when a fortunate calamity verifies their predictions. You may probably conjecture, Sir, I am about to comment on the *patriotic* strictures of the Morning Chronicle and others; but I will not be so ungenerous as to add to the contempt with which they are treated, and, indeed, it would be an insult to yourself and your readers to suppose any observations of mine on that subject necessary. I do not mean to animadvert on any individual of the disciples of Heraclitus in particular; but to consider them *in toto*, and, as I belong to the opposite school, to fling a few stones at their premises, with which, Sir, I assure you, I do not design to break their *heads*, but merely to dispossess them of a field, which, by the will of our founder Democritus, we are entitled to for a play-ground.

Some writer, (I forget whom) hath sagaciously observed, that life may be aptly compared to a *sneaker of punch*, where sweet and sour form a mixture extremely agreeable to philosophical palates, and, though Providence may have squeezed more lemon into our glass than suits our taste, yet it generally happens that a qualifying lump of sugar is afforded us. I need not expatiate on the propriety of taking our glass freely, since this is a subject which has been very ably treated by many eminent divines; but, I must be permitted to observe, that, as politeness obliges us to receive, with a smiling countenance, whatever is offered us at the table where we are guests, so duty imposes an equal obligation to accept with chearfulness whatever heaven has set us down to. For my part, so far from making wry faces at the unpleasant draughts, I (ceteris mortalibus) am sometimes obliged to swallow, I take them with great good will, regarding them as preparative bitters which give me a keen appetite for whatsoever may follow. It may possibly be with this benevolent view that Mr. Chronicle P—— is so liberal of the black broth with which he dozes his readers, or, perhaps it may

arise from a more Christian motive, to point out to this sinful nation the uncertainty of human life, and the criminality of expecting happiness in this miserable world, so that he hangs his Chronicle over the heads of those poor deluded creatures who foolishly cherish a hope of the deliverance of Europe, like the tyrant who suspended a sword above the banquet of an ambiguous courtier.

I shall not enter into a disquisition of the tenets of these melancholy philosophers (I give them this generic title in the same way as we call young men at the university, *students*, or those gentlemen who sit on the left hand of the Speaker, in the House of Commons, *patriots*) since I think it is pretty evident that those who detract from, instead of contributing to, the general stock of human happiness (which, in a moral point of view, is undoubtedly the most important of our duties) are injurious members of society, nay, I cannot help thinking, that many crimes are less prejudicial to its interests, and wish that some philanthropic member would bring a bill into parliament to render it equally felonious to put HONEST people in mental as in bodily fear. What I more particularly mean to designate, is the characteristic outcry of the present age for reform, not of morals, Mr. Satirist, though heaven knows how much it is wanted, but that species of reform which would lay low the most generally received opinions, and leave the minds of men in darkness and uncertainty. When we consider that above two-thirds of the world think by proxy, and possess their principles in copyhold (for the weakest minds are ever the most susceptible, "being driven about by every wind of doctrine"), it will be sufficiently apparent how detrimental the publication of any opinion must be that militates against the settled ideas of mankind. I am firmly persuaded, though many have asserted that controversy has been beneficial to religion, that the frequent disputes which have been maintained on the most trifling and un

essential points (with a design, no doubt, to serve the cause of christianity) have tended materially to weaken its general influence. In the same way those enemies of mankind, *the friends of the people*, have, by their crude air-built doctrines, and the wide difference, as in most reformers, between their theory and their practice, weakened the cause of true liberty and common sense.

It is in politics, more particularly, these "HUMAN SCREECH-OWLS," as Dr. Johnson calls them, endeavour to display themselves! and, no doubt from very laudable motives, impress on our minds a due sense of our miserable condition. Alas! Mr. Satirist, "what have we worth defending? What are we fighting for with such frantic zeal? Why are we thus lingering on to inevitable ruin, when that great man, and most potent monarch, his august Majesty, the Emperor and King, would *end* all our distresses, and *cut our throats*, at once?" Or, "can any man in his senses expect this country to flourish while the present ministry are at the head of affairs; a set of men, who it is utterly impossible can do any good, because it is a notorious fact they are the—*present ministry?*" What must we poor wretches do in this case, since, aocording to these gentlemen (men of the *first talents*, nay, *all the talents* in the country), we have no hopes on this side of the grave? Why, we must turn our eyes and thoughts towards heaven: "Come, verily, come along," cries a precise drest gentleman from the door of a tabernacle; "this is the only way, through this turnpike; put your mite into the plate, and pass." But we are not Methodists. "Then go to h—." Alas! Sir; what must be the result, but, for those who are not worth a razor or garter, to throw themselves into the New River, and for the most philosophical to dive into a well in search of truth?

I think, Mr. Satirist, the great increase of these fearful philosophers is, in some measure, owing to the long reign

of sensibility and sentiment. Their enervating influence has extended through all ranks, from the chambermaid to the peeress, from the valet to the man of quality. There is an insidious delicacy in productions of this kind, which weakens both virtue and reason, and unfits the mind for manly exertion. From their fanciful representations the young form false estimates of life; and when the romantic enthusiast is called to the duties of the world, finds none of his smooth dreams realized, but meets with unexpected difficulties and disappointments; he sickens at the prospect before him, and looks apprehensively around.

Hence arise gloom, discontent, lassitude of mind, and (hoc fonte derivata) a thousand other evils. The tales of terror likewise, with which both our nurseries and libraries are abundantly stocked, contribute not a little to this spirit of apprehension. Can it be expected that those who have been trained up in the school of horror, and had their fears thoroughly awakened by the first masters, will do otherwise than tremble when real danger is to be encountered; or what young damsel, who has become bleareyed with the tender distresses of Lord Courtney and Miss Mandeville, and whose whole ideas have been wrapt up in the investigation of love, can be expected to conduct herself in the world with propriety or common sense? This is a subject, however, I shall not at present enlarge on.

I have only to beg, Mr. Satirist, that you will bestow a little attention on these gentry, more especially on those who, from their situation in life, and the alleged superiority of their intellect, cannot but be sensible of the folly they patronise, and (as the winter is thickening around us) endeavour to rescue from cross-roads and horse-ponds those unfortunate beings who may otherwise be consigned to them by fog, folly, and SCREECH-OWLS.

A. B. C.

## ANECDOTES, EPIGRAMS, &c.

An ACCOMMODATING Marchioness, having recently discharged her *own maid*, a young lady, the daughter of a deceased clergyman, applied to succeed her, but was told by her Ladyship, that although she was just the kind of person *she* wanted, she could not engage her because the *Marquis*, her husband, had desired her never to take any *maid* into her service that was not—*beautiful* as well as *willing*.

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EPIGRAM,

On the *great* Jean Marie Louis Hassaulier *aliter* TRIST, *gambler* and *censor*,* having been most deservedly thrashed in the play-house by a *little* gentleman of the name of BEST.

Digest your beating, vengeful Trist,
So well applied by minor fist,
For 'tis by all the world confest,
The *better* combatant was *Best*. A. B.

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Poor *Peter Finnerty*, dreading, least he should be compelled to pass another "proud hour" upon the pillory, has, we understand, followed the example of his master, Major Hogan, and quitted the country. Mr. Garratt O'Gorman, his partner in iniquity, and in the *Robin-Hood* debating shop, has not yet fled: this *gentleman* having

* Yea, verily, the *ci-devant* Dunkirk, Jew, and Smuggler. The head partner in the gambling firm of Trist, Prager, and Co. the chief ornament of St. James's *Hell*, and the well-beloved associate of Thomas Hague, has recently become a moral *Censor!!!* We are told that this personage is a desperate bully, and that we shall *certainly* be threatened, and *probably* be *challenged* for recording his exploits in *The Satirist*; but our informer adds that the cautious gentleman, to prevent unpleasant circumstances, generally employs *two* friends to adjust his affairs of honor, viz. one to demand *satisfaction* from the offending party, and another to demand *security* from *The Bow Street Magistrates*. This is surely unnecessary, for *Jean Marie Louis Trist* may rest assured that no gentleman, who has any regard for his own character, will degrade himself by accepting his challenges, while a horsewhip can be obtained for love or money.

already experienced the comforts of Newgate,* the Marshalsea Prison, and Tothill-fields Bridewell, may perhaps have no antipathy to *confinement*.

" How *use* doth breed a habit in a man!"

SHAKSPEARE.

Mr. O'Gorman was once afflicted with the *dreadful disorder* which is so common *among the frequenters of Newgate*, and would probably *have lost his life*, had it not been for the *humanity* (not physic) of Doctor T——.

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EPIGRAM, *On hearing the Dean of ———'s Coll. Cam. abused for receiving* a Hare *in lieu of an Imposition.*

About the Hare, abuse poor G—ll no more,
Who never turns the wretched from *his* door;
Led on by Charity's all pow'rful pleas,
He took her in, so let your anger cease.
Poor Puss, when by the hounds once sore beset,
In vain ask'd succour from each beast she met;
The Horse, the Bull, the Goat, the Sheep, the Calf,
She sev'rally address'd in her behalf;
At least so Gay says—but he quite forgot
Another beast remain'd—the Dean did not,
" The Ass," cried he, " you can apply to still"—
Puss took the hint, and refuge found with *G—ll.*

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EPIGRAM, *On its having been reported that a celebrated Actress was about to marry a gallant Law Lord.*

Although S———, still fair in defiance of age,
Has been thought by some people *too large for the Stage*,
To the Altar of Hymen should she go;
Since one wife, or one woman could never content,
The *fond* man who is ever on gallantry bent,
She would still be *too little-for*—EGO!

---

*Lines worked on a Hearth Rug.*

Fair one, take heed how you advance,
Nor tempt your own undoing;
If you're too *forward*, fearful Chance!
A *Spark* may prove your *Ruin*.

* For the character of this respectable gentleman, vide. The Newgate Calendar.

# REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## FIAT JUSTITIA!

*Letters on Literature, Taste and Composition, addressed to his Son, by George Gregory, D.D. &c. Printed for Richard Phillips,* 1808, 2 vol. 12mo.

TO "rake the ashes of the dead for gold, is a crime of which it was once supposed, only slaves and murderers could be guilty. And the advocates of modern perfection will, no doubt, consider it as highly creditable to the enlightened liberality of the English nation, that an employment, from which a Roman felon would have shrunk with indignation and abhorrence, is practiced with eagerness and impunity by the framers of her laws, and the professed guardians of her morals.

Among the most distinguished of the celebrated characters who have thus exalted the reputation of their country, the *first* place must be undoubtedly ascribed to that mighty reformer, and well-beloved friend of the inhabitants of Newgate, Sir RICHARD PHILLIPS. The works of Almon, Wilkes, and Montague, have long borne upon their titles the evidence of his superior dexterity, in the art of transmuting the remains of literary excellence into a more precious and *dearer* commodity; and the present lectures on literature, taste and compostition, are a sufficient proof, that neither his frequent attendance on the courts of justice, nor his private confabulations with his brothers in affliction, have diverted him from his meritorious attention to more profitable avocations.

Respecting as we did the correctness of information, and clearness of arrangement, which distinguished the philosophical writings of Dr. Gregory, we should have suffered these volumes, had they appeared unaccompanied by the commendation of Sir Richard, to glide undisturbed to their natural destination, in the full assurance, that the dullness and incorrectness of an insignificant posthumous publication would detract but little from the deserved reputation which he had acquired by his more important and laborious productions. But when so celebrated a personage as Sir Richard Phillips comes voluntarily before the public, and not only declares that the volumes now before us were considered *by their author* as the purest production of his literary fame, but ventures to assure us, with all the decision of an *arbiter literarum,* that "it contains the result of various observations made by an enlightened, and cultivated mind, on various subjects of taste and literature," we are compelled to examine them with a degree of severity, proportioned rather to the loftiness of their pretensions than to their probable influence on the reputation of their author, or the opinions of society.

The first volume consists principally of common-place remarks on beauty and sublimity, on perspicuity of language, correctness of imagery, &c. &c. extracted from Blair, Murray, Lowth, and Irvin. Any compilation of this kind may be extremely useful to school boys; and we can recommend the present as not inferior to some that have preceded it. To any other praise it is certainly not entitled; it affords no evidence of "various observations;" and, were we not assured of the contrary, we should rather suspect it to have proceeded from Sir Richard himself, than from any "man of enlightened mind," or "cultivated taste."

The SECOND VOLUME, though it does not contain any thing very striking or original, derives a considerable degree of interest, from the importance of its subjects. The late period at which Dr. Gregory's remarks were written, has enabled him to discuss the merits of many writers who have risen to literary eminence since the time of preceding compilers; and though his criticisms neither surprize by their novelty, nor interest by their profoundness, they are sufficiently correct to assist the judgment of the Tyro in English literature. This praise must be granted, however, with some limitation. He frequently displays more of the pedant than the scholar, and sometimes suffers the enthusiasm of the divine to overpower the impartiality of the critic.

Nothing can appear to us more deserving of reprehension than the practice of introducing passages from the Bible as instances of poetical, and historical excellence. In a Doctor of Divinity such an imprudence is peculiarly censurable. A minister of religion is not an impartial judge of the literary merits of the sacred writings. He may be suspected, without any derogation from his character, of an enthusiasm in their perusal, very different from the sober frigidity of criticism. We have known many enlightened members among the Methodists who had accustomed themselves to read and sing Wesley's hymns till they considered them as models of devotional poetry. The infidel will be too apt to ascribe a mistake of this nature to other causes than instability of judgment; and the students for whom such compilations as Dr. Gregory's are principally intended, will either deform their maturer compositions by all the peculiarities of scripture phraseology, or be too apt, in the first emotions of surprize, to consider the real beauties of the inspired penman as imaginary.

When Dr. Gregory assures us (page 20) that "no one can write history that makes so forcible an impression, or that is so easily and forcibly remembered, as the *account of the death of Jezebel*," he may be justly suspected of having suffered the fervor of his piety to encroach upon the justice of his criticism. He forgot that events interest only in proportion to their novelty, and to the conviction that we entertain of their actual occurrence, and to these circumstances may the superior interest of scripture history be ascribed, as much as to any uncommon ability in its writers. Reasoning *a priori*, it would appear that the narratives of the sacred historians must be far inferior to the compositions of their successors. They have wilfully disregarded, or were unacquainted with, many of those literary artifices which tend so much to enchain the attention and to assist the memory. If they have not attained, therefore, the highest degree of excellence in one requisite of history, what reason is there to believe that they bestowed more labour or attention on the rest? The defects of their writings shew that they had not the assistance of inspiration in the literary execution of their duty. They had neither the same incitements to excellence, nor the same advantages of resource which were possessed by Tacitus or Livy; and we have no reason to suppose that they were superior to those historians in natural, and *unassisted* ability.

Dr. Gregory, like all other compilers of criticism, is a devoted admirer of the classics; and, like too many of his brethren, he is not content with ascribing to them the highest degree of historical and poetical excellence, but he is willing to conceal, or excuse their defects and deformities, with a pertinacity that would scarcely be excusable on any other than this, and the preceding subject. Speaking of the Iliad, (page 260)

he says, " Men *destitute of taste* may pass by with supercilious contempt the petty wars between a few piratical states of Greece, and a town so contemptible, that the ruins are not now extant on the opposite shore." But surely the subject of an epic poem is a matter of considerable importance: Dr. Gregory, himself, says that " the action must be great and interesting;" and we can easily conceive, therefore, that a man may wish that the subject of the Iliad had been more elevated, withou yielding in " splendor of mind," or " elegance of taste," even to Dr. Gregory.

No one, who has honoured our writings with even a casual perusal, will suspect us of insensibility to the great and original excellence of the poets and historians of antiquity. We are among the most enthusiastic of their admirers; but we are decidedly hostile to that blind, and infantile imbecility, which converts every defect into a beauty, and every absurdity into a happy and inimitable " grace beyond the reach of art." Were a modern writer to publish a volume of doggrel satire, after having written odes of uncommon elegance and harmony, we should ascribe his failure to a culpable negligence, or a total incapacity for satirical versification. His declaration that his satire was prosaic, *because he intended it to be so,* would only be ridiculed as the confession of conscious imbecility, or as a feeble apology for an unbecoming defiance of criticism. Yet the Doggrel of Horace's Satires is quoted with as much rapture as the music of Virgil, *his* apology is echoed from one pedant to another as a noble instance of correct criticism; and we are told, (what every day must convince us to be false) that he who was capable of displaying such a command of measure in his odes, could only fail in satirical versification through a wilful violation of its laws.

Much of this blind obedience to the authority of the ancients has been defended by an argument, which seems to have restrained even the opinions of Dr. Johnson; (see his Life of Milton). It is asserted, that the concurring approbation of mankind is the surest testimony of literary excellence, and that he who is able to astonish and delight, through a long succession of ages, is no longer an object of criticism, but a model for imitation. But, it should be remembered, that in the early ages of the world, there was none of that collision of opinion, or that facility of literary intercourse, which are so favorable to the just estimation of modern productions. When a scholar acquired the possession of a book, he became possessed of a treasure which it was impossible that many others could enjoy. He originally valued it, perhaps, as much for its scarcity as its excellence. A man of great curiosity, and powerful imagination, would recur to the few volumes which it was at that time in his power to possess, so frequently as to render their ideas and language familiar. How much such a circumstance disqualifies for the coolness of critical discrimination, will be easily conjectured by those who have passed only a single summer amongst the mountains of Wales, or on the Lakes of Cumberland, with no literary amusement but a small library of indifferent poetry. *We* have wept in such a situation over the Sonnetts of Capel Lofft, and sighed in sentimental sadness at the visions of Robert Southey. The literary correspondents of an ancient scholar resided perhaps at the distance of two thousand miles. To copy a M.S. was a task of considerable labor or expence, and to send the original frequently hazardous or difficult. *A M.S.* would lose nothing of its value in the eyes of a scholar by travelling from the Bosphorus to Rome, or from Athens to Persepolis; recommended originally by its possessor for the purpose of exciting envy or curiosity,

and procured after a great interval of time, and at considerable expence.

It is evident, that causes of a similar nature would have an equal effect in the Monkish ages. A manuscript was even then a valuable possession; and the good effects, which might have been expected from the collision of opinion produced by the nearer association of literary men, was more than counteracted by the natural reverence which we are apt to feel for antiquity, and by the pride of scholastic superiority.

We were both pleased and surprized to discover that, notwithstanding this blind admiration of the ancients, Dr. Gregory expressed himself in decided terms against that puerile plaything, "the echo of the sound to the sense." After the conclusive remarks of Johnson on this subject, it might have been hoped, that we should have heard no more of the nonsense of its advocates. The world is still pestered, however, by a class of beings too stupid for conviction, or too obstinate for persuasion, who hear in πολυφλοισβοιο θαλασσης the roaring of the sea; who drawl out "the line, too, labours, and the words move slow," with the sing-song of a quaker, and fall into a hop, step and jump at the very mention of Camilla "flying o'er the unbending corn, and skimming along the main." Such puerile wanderings of the fancy are excusable in a solitary Oxonian, immured for a dozen years in the cloisters of a college, with no companion but his Homer, and no critic to refer to, but Longinus; but that they should have perverted the reason of a Hurd and a Harris, is both disgraceful to themselves, and humiliating to the pride of criticism.

Of Johnson Dr. Gregory always speaks in terms of the highest admiration. At a time when so many of the

feeble scribblers of the day, are endeavouring to apologize for their imbecility by unmeaning declamation against the writings of a man who first taught us to unite elegance with strength, and novelty with truth; it gives us considerable pleasure to find a writer like Dr. Gregory, who might have been supposed (in addition to other critical prejudices) to have retained some attachment to the *old* school of composition, ascribing to him every merit which has been claimed for him by his most enthusiastic admirers. The circumstance appears still more surprising, when we consider the class of writers with whom Dr. G. was accustomed to associate, and the departments of literature in which he was engaged. This admiration, however, does not appear to be of that firm and discriminating kind, which arises from a systematic enquiry into his principles of composition, and a regular examination into the accuracy of his biographical details, the justice of his critical opinions, or the excellency of his moral and political principles. He seems to have formed his opinion from a cursory perusal of detached parts of his Rambler, and his Biographical Prefaces. It is true that even such a casual acquaintance with his works must convince us of his decided superiority in morals and criticism over every writer of ancient or modern ages; but the unconnected beauties of thought and composition, which strike the eye on a cursory perusal, give us as faint an idea of Dr. Johnson's literary excellence, as the glittering of a thousand stars of the system of the universe.

Having already extended our criticism beyond the usual limits of such articles, we must defer its continuation to another opportunity.

S. Tipper, Leadenhall Street.

*Dedicated to his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex.*

*The Royal Urinead, by Thomas Hague;* printed and published by HORSEMAN, at his Libal Stall, Hanway-Yard.

A rigid moralist has observed that "no man but a *fool* would wittingly become a *knave*," and Thomas Hague, the illiterate extortioner, is most undoubtedly a living example that the observation was not erroneous. The whole tenor of his conduct has proved his knavish disposition; and his *attempt* at poetry sufficiently establishes the pre-eminence of his folly.

It appears by the date affixed to his dull and impudent dedication, that these forty-six pages of incomparable nonsense were written previous to the exposition of his infamy, which appeared in our last number; had they not, we very much doubt if the world would have had this additional opportunity of ascertaining the paucity of his talents, and the impotence of his malignity: for we have been told, that the *light* of our *Meteor* has not only dazzled the eyes of this silly night-bird, but almost turned his muddy brain.—Heaven grant that it may "*turn his murky heart!*"

The dedication to his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex was most probably intended to be *witty*; but alas! the days "when *fools* knew how to *joke*" are gone by; and we can assure *Fool Hague*, that, although he has contrived, like Major Semple, *Mr. Jean Marie Louis Trist*, and other notorious *gentlemen*, to exist for a considerable time upon his *wits*, he will never obtain a living by his *wit*.

Still, however, we laughed most heartily at his dedication; and we are sure our readers will do the same, when they peruse the following extract:

"He" (*Fool Hague*) "is too firm, cool, persever-



T. Gillet, Printer, Crown-court.

" ing, and determined, to suffer you *or any man* to in-
" jure him, and escape with impunity. I can assure you
" that Mr. Hague would consign himself to fine, impri-
" sonment, the pillory, and transportation,* rather than
" not try any and all efforts, and ways and means, to ex-
" pose and punish the authors and *abettors* of such con-
" duct, the volunteers of such malignity and calumny.
" Sir, I know his temper and *spirit* so well, that if *it*
" *were possible* for any Royal Duke to offend him per-
" sonally, he would *horsewhip his* royal shoulders with
" as little ceremony as he would a jack-ass that obstructed
" his way." Page vi.

How fortunate for us critics that FOOL HAGUE's *dire resentment* is confined to Royal Dukes and jack-asses, otherwise his tremendous horsewhip would certainly have been applied to *our* unfortunate shoulders; for we have good reason to believe, that certain observations in our review of his "*Letter to the Duke of York.*"† offended him, both "*personally*" and *sorely*. There may be another reason for our having hitherto "escaped with impunity:" he has perhaps recollected that *horse-whipping* is a game at which two persons can play, and that, as at cards, he who has the *best hand* generally wins.

> " Tired of *dull* prose, the *folly-stricken* wight
> Bursts into verse, and damns himself outright."

We scarcely know which to pity more, the *Duke of Kent* or the *God of Verse*; both have been courted by *Fool Hague*, and we hope that *both* have treated him with like disdain. Apollo, however, has this decided advantage, he has *manifested* his abhorence of the despicable wretch, by withholding from him *every kind of assistance*; which,

* We trust that the *Attorney-General* and *Lord Ellenborough* will save *Fool Hague* all trouble of this kind.

† Vide Satirist, No. xv. p. 518.

we are sorry to say, is not the case with regard to his Royal Highness. We beg most respectfully to suggest to this illustrious personage, that whatever may be the justice of his cause, such a weak and infamous advocate must ruin him in the estimation of the public.

Notwithstanding our detestation of bribery, we confess that as the case is so desperate, we should be glad to hear his Royal Highness had expended a few guineas to induce this miserable scribbler *to abuse him*.

We suspect that this vile poem was compiled in one of the lowest receptacles of debauchery by *Fool Hague* and some of his abandoned prostitutes, while they were amusing themselves with the *good old game* of *Crambo*; and that he wrote down the rhymes as they came "hissing hot"* from the foul mouths that uttered them; for surely, *fool* as he is, he could not have written at his leisure such low, obscene, and disgusting nonsense. The following couplets are very fair samples of the whole.

"But *pimps* and *minions*—*snakes* of every cast.
"I do abhor, to you, the world would blast."—p. 13.

"Appalling sight! what anguish fires his soul;
"Cook and the priest both *laying* cheek by jowl."—p. 31.

An appalling sight indeed! but *Fool Hague* should have told us the colour of the *eggs* which Cooky and the parson were *laying*.

We should be glad to know whether the following lines are meant for satire or compliment; the last in particular is very *doubtful*.

"Then ask kind Kent, he'll either give or lend
"To *all* who want—to BROTHER, *stranger*, FRIEND;
"Humane, just, manly, sober, prudent, brave,
"Soft in his heart, TO EVERY WRETCH A SLAVE!!!

Now it certainly is very probable that a Royal Duke

* Vide his Dedication, page 1.

who will "either give or lend to ALL who want," would not refuse to relieve the necessities of a "*brother*" or a *friend*; but it is not equally obvious how a "*manly*, sober, PRUDENT, prince, should be "to *every* WRETCH *a* SLAVE; and we hope and trust that *Fool Hague* did not, from *his own personal experience*, suppose it to be the case with regard to the Duke of Kent.

"Allow three shillings for each yard, ell-wide,
"That's two pounds eight a year, making two beside;
"Why Tierney, Grenville, Gray, I do not doubt it,
"Will take an *hour** for each yard about it."—p. 38.

We trust that our readers are now perfectly satisfied that *Fool Hague* possesses no poetical talent but that of *lying*, in which he almost equals that prince of falsehood WILLIAM COBBETT. His motives for writing this contemptible pamphlet must have been the worst that ever degraded the human heart. The Duke of Sussex has, it appears, magnanimously refused to purchase his silence by a bribe; this has roused the filthy reptile's impotent wrath and dastardly malice.

Can it be supposed that any irregularities in his Royal Highness's conduct have excited resentment in the bosom of a wretch whose very existence is supported by infamy; who battens upon prostitutes, and herds with the vilest outcasts of society? No; he felt that the firmness of the Dukes of York and Sussex would be fatal to his villainous designs, and he hoped by the severity of his strictures on them to intimidate *others* from following their examples; but he may rest assured that all his *arts* and all his threats† will avail him nothing

* *Sire*, *fire*, and *hour*, are all used by *Fool Hague* as words of *two* syllables.

† In this pamphlet the Duke of Clarence, Mr. Lowten, and others, are threatened to be exposed at some future time; that is, of course, if they do not bribe *Fool Hague* to forbear.

—HE NOW IS KNOWN—Nature when she implanted in his bosom the *heart* of a scoundrel, placed upon his shoulders the HEAD OF A FOOL.

We cannot conclude this article without calling the attention of our readers to the following advertisement, which is printed on the last page of the pamphlet:

"Shortly will be published, A Statement of all the Cir-
"cumstances between the Duke of Sussex and Mr. Hague
"—together with the legal steps taken by Mr. Hague
"against the printer of the Paper called "A Prospectus"
"and the evidence which will be given before the Ma-
"gistrate by his Royal Highness and Mrs. Billington."

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex *has* given his evidence "before the Magistrate," and declared that he knew nothing about '*The Prospectus*' to which *Fool Hague* alludes. It appears that the poor idiot had been told his character was so infamous, that he could not prosecute the author for a libel, and he therefore endeavoured to gratify his petty malice by informing against the supposed printer, for not having affixed his name to the bills in question, according to act of parliament. This he thought would at any rate, attract the attention of the public, and enable him to sell a few copies of some new libel.—To what miserable shifts is *Fool Hague* reduced!!!

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*Leicestershire Tales.* By Miss Mary Linwood—Phillips, 4 vols. 1808.

At this season of the year, when the newspapers teem with the puffing advertisements of Tabart, and other purveyors of unwholesome food for the juvenile mind, we are particularly happy that Miss Mary Linwood has afforded us an opportunity of recommending to prudent parents a little work, which is neither calculated to terrify

nor corrupt the rising generation. We bestow our unequivocal commendation upon these *Leicestershire Tales*, because we do really think they deserve it, and not from any partiality either to the authoress or her publisher—the former of whom is totally unknown to us, and for the latter, our readers must allow we have never shewn any remarkable predilection. When a useful work is presented to the world, we care not whether it issues from the emporium of Sir Richard Phillips, or from the warehouse of Messrs. Cadell and Davies. We leave *such* considerations to the gentlemen who conduct the *Edinburgh Review*, whose opinions appear not to be influenced by the merits or faults of the works they criticise, but by their affection or hatred for the booksellers who publish them.—Every rickety brat that is brought into the world by the *obstetric* aid of Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co. is either praised by them for its transcendant beauties, or, when its deformities, are *dreadfully conspicuous*, recommended as possessing 'infinitely more perfections than blemishes:' but should Messrs. Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme, (their *late* London publishers) deliver the press of any *monstrous* production, *Ods Haggis and Cocky Leeky!* these terrible Scotchmen instantly "exert all their energies" to strangle it in its cradle.

Miss Linwood has prefixed to her first volume, this short and modest advertisement.

"The author of the following Tales, by exhibiting "VICE in its inevitable deformity, and VIRTUE in its never "changing loveliness, hopes to impress upon the youthful "mind a sense of the advantages and importance of MORAL "RECTITUDE.

"The execution of her design may not be equal to its "object; but the work is submitted to the world with "those anxious fears which more experienced writers must

"once have felt, and are best able to appreciate; and she "flatters herself, that the candour of a discerning pub- "lic, will award her, at least, the merit of good inten- "tion."

From this we learn that these Tales are the first essay of their ingenious young author, who, as we have been informed, is under twenty years of age; they are certainly the best juvenile production that we have witnessed for some time, and we have no donbt but she will equal most of her fair competitors, when she has become more accustomed to literary composition. We noticed a few inaccuracies of style, for instance at page 69, vol. IV. "*Scarcely* had the rolling waves passed and repassed over "the remains of my father, *than* they parted to receive "those also of my unfortunate mother."

These blemishes, however, seldom occur, and the language in general is considerably above mediocrity. The tales are not adapted to very young capacities, but they will afford both pleasure and instruction to those who have attained that dangerous age when the mind, as it were, *vacilates* between infancy and maturity.

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OBSERVATIONS ON H. R. H. THE DUKE OF KENT'S *shameful persecution*, since his recal from Gibraltar, together with an ENQUIRY into the abuses of the ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, *proving* that seminary to be a job, and an imposition on the public; also, Remarks on the WISE generals in the British army; with a demonstraiive proof of COL. GORDON'S Ingratitude, by Pierre Franc M'Callum, Esq!!! author of Travels in Trinidad, &c. &c. sold by himself.

We should not have noticed this foolish pamphlet, had we not been anxious to caution His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent against the mercenary adulation of its mi-

serable author, and to shew the public what unprincipled knaves those are who endeavour to swindle them out of their money by scribbling libels against the Royal Family.

This *Pierre* Franc M'Callum, ESQUIRE, was formerly an itinerant news-monger, who collected and *manufactured* accounts of accidents for the Morning Post and other papers, at the rate of *one penny* per line; but being repeatedly detected in mutilating and killing, *in print*, persons who were sound and living, he was discharged from his employment and obliged to seek some other method of existence. He went to the West Indies, returned, and wrote an account of Trinidad, which contained almost as many grammatical errors as pages, and more falsehoods than grammatical errors. This being discovered, his "*Travels*" proved very unprofitable, and he became a prisoner in the Fleet, from which he was discharged (we believe) under an insolvent act. He then was known as an *absolute beggar*, existing upon the alms of the charitable, and has at length been driven by his necessities and his malignant disposition, to attack one Royal Brother by pretending to defend another.

His *proofs* of the abuses in the Royal Military College, consist of twelve *queries*, and he kindly pledges *himself*, (what is the value of such a pledge?) that as soon as they are answered, he "will furnish a *great many more*." We dare say he will, *when they are answered*, and are glad to perceive that he has the humility to call these "*important proofs*" a "*trifling digression*."

The following extract will be sufficient to prove that Pierre Franc M'Callum, ESQUIRE, is much more to be dreaded as a friend than as an enemy.

"A plot was formed against his Royal Highness the "Duke of Kent in the 2nd battalion of his own corps, "the Royals, which, from being a disgrace to the ser-

"vice, he had so completely improved and reformed, as "to be able to exhibit them as a pattern to the garri- "son."—Page 3.

Their *rebellion* against their commander was doubtless a convincing proof of their *reformation!*

It is really a lamentable circumstance that the reputation of his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent should be mangled by such defenders as Hague and M'Callum.—Neither he nor his illustrious brothers have now any cause to dread their malice; for *the Satirist*

"Has robb'd th' envenom'd vipers of their stings."

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*A Translation of the Georgics of Publius Virgilius Maro, with the original Text, and Notes, critical and illustrative, of ancient and modern Husbandry.* By William Stawell, A. M. Longman, Hurst, &c. 1808, 8vo. pp. 487.

We had occasion, in a former number,* to notice the attempt (and a wretched attempt it was) of a gentleman of the name of Deare, to give a translation of the Georgics in blank verse. Mr. Stawell has made a new attempt in rhyme, a work that might have been well spared, after the translation of Dryden, of Warton, and of Sotheby; and we might have been induced to treat it with some asperity, as shewing an overweening opinion of the author's own abilities, were we not disarmed by the following modest apology in the introduction: "With the errors of "former translators, I have been no further engaged than "by an endeavour to avoid them; would I could emulate "their beauties. For elegance and accuracy combined, "Mr. Sotheby's translation published in 1800, is not per- "haps surpassed in the range of British literature; the

* See vol. ii. p. 293.

" art with which he has connected those precepts, which, " in the original, are somewhat independent of each other, " can never be praised too much. If notes had accom- " panied his version, mine certainly should never have " seen the light."

Were we inclined to be fastidious, we might, perhaps, object to part of his panegyric as obliquely, though we are convinced not designedly, throwing some blame on Mr. Sotheby's excellent translation, as any attempt to add to the merit of the most perfect poem that ever was written in any language, must, in reality, detract from that merit. What Mr. Sotheby has done, was shewing the obvious connexions in the original, clearly to the English reader, which had often escaped the other translators.

After this candid avowal of Mr. Stawell, we shall not employ ourselves in making insidious compromises between him and other translators, but confine our observations chiefly to the notes; though we must say, we think he would have done better, had he only published the notes with reference to the original, accompanied by the translation of that particular passage by a quotation from that of the other prior translators, that give the best idea, in his opinion, of the original; and, in default of this, by a new version of his own.

Mr. Stawell takes some pains in his introduction to vindicate Virgil from the censure of Seneca; that the object of Virgil was " rather to amuse than to instruct;" and that the Georgics would be really useful to the practical farmer. But, in truth, though Virgil, and every good didactive poet, would be careful to know so much of the subject he writes on, that none of his precepts should seem absurd to the real professor of the art, and which makes the notes of Mr. Martyn on the Georgics so valuable; yet he will always try to escape from the dry matters of fact into description, amplification, and episode, when-

ever an opportunity offers; and from these, and not from the bare agricultural precepts, the Georgics derives its transcendent merit, and is justly called a divine poem.

In a note on *Parnassia laurus*, Georgic xi. v. 18. the author enters at large into the dispute concerning which was the laurel, and seems to be inclined to decide in favour of the Alexandrian laurel, contrary to every thing that can be collected from the ancients on the subject. The tree we call the bay seems to have general suffrage. The lauro-cerasus, however, formerly called the cherry-bay, but now simply the laurel, has found some advocates. Perhaps this opinion may receive some support from two lines of Palladius, a Roman poet, quoted by Evelyn in his sylva.

> " Inseritur lauro cerasus partuque coacto
> Tingit ad optatum virginis ora pudor."

Now this is exactly the case with the common laurel, but would be impracticable with the bay, which is quite of a different family.

Note on Georgic ii. v. 490, *Felix qui potuit*, &c. Mr. S. observes, that these lines are probably a compliment to Lucretius, as if there could be any possibility of doubting it. The following studied misrepresentation of this sublime passage, and the reasons assigned for it, in a subsequent part of the note, are equally curious.

> " Happy the sage, whose mind no terror awes,
> To Heaven explores the universal cause."

" I do not mean in my translation of *rerum cognoscere*, " to convey that Virgil had in his contemplation the Deity " as the primary cause of the universe; but I allude to his " own method of classing the objects of his inquiry, which, " in the concatenation of things, is *cœli* (not cæli), *vias si-* " *dera defectus solis varios*, &c. and I have somewhat soft-

" ened the presumption of *cognoscere*, which, in a philoso-
" pher, is so unbecoming."

Of this note we can only say, what is said of Dogberry in the play, that " the learned gentleman is much too cunning to be understood." In the translation, besides the wilful deviation from the sense of Virgil, the construction is defective, and the use of *explore* as a verb neuter would be quite new to us, had not the author given an example of it before, in the sixth verse of his translation of the first Georgic.

In a note or line 303, Georgic iii. Mr. S. observes, and cites Ruæus to confirm the observation, " that Virgil must mean that year which began with March," as if there would be any doubt of Virgil, a Roman, not reckoning according to the Roman year, which is proved even by our own calendar, to have begun with March, as we call our own 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th months, September October, November, and December.

As there is very little criticism in these notes, they being chiefly on agricultural objects and explanations of the names of persons and places, perhaps the author would have done better, like Professor Martyn, to have accompanied the original text with a prose translation.

Of the accuracy of the original text, we have something to praise. In a* former Satirist, in our review of Deare's Georgics, we had occasion to observe, that of five editions before us, four in this verse

" Non rastris hominum non illi obnoxia curæ

had a comma after *hominum*, sacrificing the sense to the metrical pause; in this edition the comma is properly *placed* after *rastris*.

* Vol. II. p. 294.

# THEATRES.

"*Cum tabulis animum censoris sumit honesti.*"—HORACE.

DRURY-LANE.—Scarcely had the funeral knell of the Siege of St. Quintin ceased to toll, when those benevolent souls, the Managers of this theatre, resolved to favour the public with a successor to that *much-lamented* drama, which should be *equally* gratifying to their tastes, and *equally* instructive to their minds. Accordingly, on Thursday, December 1, 1808, was produced the new dramatic compilation, ycleped VENONI: the first scene of which introduced to us our friend, Mr. Penley, in the character of a very tiresome old servant, looking out for what "he could *not see* till it came in *sight*," viz. the galley which conveyed his master, the *viceroy of Sicily*, home from Italy. However, to expedite the arrival of this august personage, Mr. Penley persuades an *anonymous* companion to mount a wall, and try whether he can perceive any thing; but, alas! this poor devil's eyes are as bad his own: for although he strains them very hard, and stands on tiptoe, he can see nothing upon the *watery expanse* until he *hears* the sound of the pipes, drums, and fifes, which announce their master's approach; when he exclaims, very wisely, "the ships are in sight!" The truth of which assertion is, in less than *fifteen seconds*, completely established by the entrance of the Viceroy and his attendants; who appear, by the bye, to have had a wonderful quick passage, unless they came *under* water, and thus concealed themselves from the view of Mr. Penley and his companion, until they came within twenty yards of the shore. This seems very probable, when we consider that the author's (Mr. Monk Lewis) dramatic *prodigies* are many and *divers*.

The aforesaid Viceroy and his confidential servant have a little conversation together, to inform each other of various things which *they* must have known before; but as the audience *do not*, the dialogue is very necessary, provided Mr. Monk Lewis was unable to develope his plot by more ingenious means. Then the former goes out, that Father Michael, a very *heroic friar*, may *come in*, to ask where he is to be found. To which abrupt question Mr. Penley, of course, gives no very direct answer; and, like other well-bred domestics, tells him his master is engaged, and cannot see him. Michael then says, that his business is of the utmost importance; that the Viceroy's friend, Venoni's, existence is in danger; and that he has left his convent, with the

greatest difficulty and danger, to obtain an interview with his Excellency; but since that is impossible, he leaves a very polite invitation, requesting him to visit his cell that evening; and after telling Mr. Penley that the Prior of his convent is a prodigious rogue, he retires. We afterwards discover that Venoni, a rich young nobleman, was violently in love with one Josepha, a very pretty girl, and of course equally virtuous; but just as they were about to be married, her mama was persuaded, by the wicked old rogue before mentioned, to make a nun of her; and she was, therefore, sent to the Ursuline convent, where, as the abbess informed her friends, she died. The loss of his love drives Venoni mad; and he resolves to turn monk in St. Mark's monastery, which joins the convent of the Ursulines, that he may have the pleasure of visiting her tomb, and doing many other *mad* things. This resolution is encouraged by the artful Prior, who hopes thereby to get both the person and fortune of Venoni into his power, and thus be revenged on him for having been more highly approved of than himself by the fair Josepha, whom he had, like a naughty clergyman, endeavoured to seduce.

Venoni's entrance is rather comic. The Viceroy and Josepha's mother are discoursing together upon a very interesting topic, when he makes his appearance rather abruptly, in the novitiate habit of St. Mark's, which mightily resembles a flannel shirt: this and his bare *white* neck so completely disguise him, that it is almost impossible to tell whether it is Mr. Elliston or Miss Tidswell, until we hear his "melting tones" and insane ejaculations, which, notwithstanding the peals of applause which they call down from the *Gods*, appeared to us poor *mortals* the most unnatural attempts at nature that ever disgraced a theatre. The only tolerable scene in this drama is one in the garden of the monastery, near the tomb of Josepha, where the Viceroy persuades Venoni to abandon his resolution, and the wicked Prior artfully endeavours to make him keep it: this is really well managed, and Mr. Elliston evinces much judgment in pourtraying the *oscillations* of an irresolute mind. But how shall we describe the wonderful wonders of the scene which *originally* concluded this wondrous drama. When the curtain arose, we beheld a *section* of two cells, divided in the middle by a partition, and elevated about two feet above the level of the stage. We were given to understand that one of them was *under* the Ursuline Convent, and the other *under* St. Mark's Monastery; we were therefore a little astonished to behold *above* them some very pretty little wooden rails, which appeared to bound a nice gravel

walk. The two cells appeared to have been expressly made for the reception of wild beasts, and we expected that some person with a long pole would have entered, to point out *à la mode de Monsieur Pidcock*, "Vat we should see," till we discovered Mrs. Henry Siddons on the ground of one of them. The other was of course destined for the reception of her frantic lover, who, after sufficient time had elapsed for Mrs. H. Siddons to tell us how long she had been immured in that wretched place, was brought into it blindfolded by the old Prior, whose villainies he had detected. No sooner was he left alone, than he, naturally enough, began to think of escaping, and took up his lamp to search for means; when, *apropos*, he discovered a parchment, which informed him that he would find an iron crow behind a coffin, and that the writer of that information had almost perforated the partition *before* he died. Overjoyed at this, he placed his lamp *upon the ground*, opened the coffin lid, and exclaimed, "Ha!—*a cold pale* corpse!" Continuing his search, however, he found the crow, and began most lustily to knock down the partition, which giving way, he entered the apartment of Mrs. H. Siddons, who shrieked and let fall her lamp, (which Mr. Elliston *first* carefully *extinguished*, and then *perceived* it was his dear Josepha, who had been confined, for *vile* purposes, by the Prior and his accomplice the old Abbess. At this moment, although the old Prior, upon his quitting Venoni, had assured us, that no *mortal power* could discover these cells, the Viceroy, Josepha's mother, and Michael, *cum multis aliis*, enter, and conclude the drama.

As this play was the avowed production of that *admired* author Mr. M. G. Lewis, we expected to have been amused with a few interesting *ghosts*; but, alas! it proved the most *spiritless* production that ever was contrived by that gentleman's *monstrous* ingenuity. The last act has been altered, and every part of the *wild beast's den-scene* omitted, except the *dead-man* in the coffin, who has been re-animated, to make Venoni escape more naturally. This is certainly an improvement, but Venoni is still abundantly *soporific*.

AT THE HAYMARKET, a new farce by the late Mr. Tobin, has been produced; the dialogue of which, like all that gentleman's productions, is spirited and pointed; but like them too, it contains nothing new, either in character or plot. A Mrs. Beaumont, the sister of Mrs. Mudie, has played the character of Belvidera twice, with *much gallery* applause; this venerable *debutante* having apparently acted a part on the great theatre of the world nearly half a century, does not appear to very

great advantage on the Haymarket stage; as the lovely wife of Jaffier, her theatrical powers are, however, very far above mediocrity: indeed, considering her age, she is really a very superior actress. Mr. C. Kemble's Jaffier was excellent.

Mademoiselle Nora, has also exhibited here in a ballet; she appeared to less advantage on this theatre than she did at the Opera-house, because she wore *dirty stockings*.

## COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.*

*Non nostrum* TANTAS *componere lites!*—VIRGIL.

*Who shall decide when* DOCTORS *disagree?*—POPE.

In proceeding with our strictures on the Annual Review as a literary composition, it may be necessary to remind our readers that our examination has been confined to little more than *a sixth part* of the whole volume: the remaining five-sixths would undoubtedly afford their full proportion of similar and equal *merit*.

The first step in the ascent from single Words, is to Phrases; and among these we have been particularly struck with the following: "gradationed delegation, ubiquitary substitution, adolescent civilization, cognate languages, flinching tenderness, flickering curtains, nomade nations, *mortal* punishments, religious instincts, equitable philanthropy, practical conduct [this is really curious], philosophic illuminism, entirely judicious, quite expedient, a dexterous sifting abbreviation, a well-accustomed

* The following omissions occurred in this article of our fourteenth Number:— at page 441 (of vol. iii.), among the verbs ending in *ize*, "latinizing" and "unbarbarized;" page 443, among the compounds, "non-legibility" and "character-drawing;" and among the orthographical *improvements*, "*slight* of hand, *K*imnerian," and "*kako*graphy," which last two are quite as *k*hara*k*teristik as any of the rest. In page 442, line 23, the word "discis*rch*anization" should have been printed "discis*rhe*nanization;" and page 447, line 30, "Buonarotti" should have been "Buona*rr*otti." In our last Number, at page 550, line 18, "macrobistic" occurs instead of "macrobiotic."

eye, a *pile* of *momentous maxim*, a man of *high titular conspicuity*, the *germinal* pamphlet, the *middle zone of Europe*, the *former vestiges* of his *pen*, the immortal spirit of *foreseeing genius*, the *more than Erskine* of his country, *knots* of states, deficiency in *ken*, command of library, so *long-armed* a command of authorities, *so Irish* an expression, leans to subsidence, it *gives forgiveness*, they *comment* the letter, the negotiations are *irradiated* [for *illustrated*], *tickling forth* laughter, this interval *evolved* many great men, Joseph I. *acceded* in 1705, having *lived* every part of his *life*, a total *failure* was likely to *overtake* his designs, *noisily to abolish* our *thousand and one** oppressive laws." It is probable that many of these were intended as instances of that *callida junctura*, that happy combination, adapted to shew us our old friends with a new face.† That they here wear a new face is certain, but it is the disguise of a clown in a pantomime. The reviewers may comfort themselves however in their own words: "by blundering we shall slowly learn."‡

Of erroneous Syntax the wonder is not that we find so little; but that in so small a part of a work making such pretensions, we find any. Yet something of this sort occurs in page 290: "others have been so biassed by their prejudices, as *detracts* very materially from the confidence," &c. We should be glad to know *what* it is, grammatically speaking, that detracts.

Among the Figures of Speech, the most prominent, of course, is the Metaphor; and of this flower of rhetoric the Annual garden is by no means deficient: but it will not often bear transplanting, without more of the accompanying soil than we can find room for in our parterre. We have "the tiptoe of expectation; the emmets of antiquarianism; and monopoly is eroded." "Church-and-king politics" are called the "*caryatids* of social

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* This cardinal number is a favourite with the Annual Reviewers. The reader will find their ordinal of it in our paragraph on their Peculiar Elegances.

† Dixeris egregiè, *notum* si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura *novum*. HORACE, A. P.

‡ Page 269.

order;" a recent historian (Mr. Coxe) is represented as "alike distinguished for *asking questions of Time and of Space;*" and the Scotch Gauls are called "the elder children of human society." Something pretty, we presume, is attempted in the figure, "on whichever *side* the *weight* of argument *hung lowest;*" and in that of "*scouring* away the *rust* of an *iron* age:" but as we believe the editor is a medical man, we fear that "religions *slough off* their acquired embellishments" may seem rather to smell of the *shop.* Closely allied to the metaphor is the Simile; and of this we find an example in page 418, of equal detail and *taste*: "history, like a bonfire, burns with splendor, but is spent in vain: biography, like a *lantern, lights* the *steps* of every successive *passenger* amid the *streets* of human life."——The pages are copiously sprinkled with Alliteration, but we have not room to quote instances.——We seem to have a glimpse of a choice Pun at page 331, where we read of *smothering* cruelty of an *inquisitor.*"——As for *Bulls,* if the following are not thorough-bred, we do not know in what genus or species to range them; they must be a sort of non-descripts: each of them is "so Irish an expression," that at least it may fairly be *fathered* on a *calf*: "the *present absence* of competition (p. 609); the con*fluence* of great *roads;*" and if we are correct in our ideas, "*cup* of *nepenthe*" (p. 276) belongs to the same class.*

Under the head of Pleasing Obscurities and nice ambiguities (or, as perhaps the word-maker-general to the Annual Review would call them, *unintelligibilities*), we have selected "to strew ashes *on* winds a *dunghill in the form of a pavilion* (p. 87): the *bubbling* manner of their oratory:† when *the breaking of the voice*

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* We say indeed "a *glass* of *peppermint,*" for the liquor prepared from that herb; but this is no proof that the same idiom was familiar to the ancients.

† Is this from Macbeth?

Double, double,
Toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and *caldron bubble.*

In that case the word may allude to something in the nature of a *burr in the throat.*

*is an ended process* (p. 299)." We are in some doubt about a passage in page 275, speaking of the reign of Charles the Fifth as "a *solstice* of the world." Does the critic allude to the winter solstice, the most cheerless period of the year; when, though the sun appears largest, he is least beneficial to us, and we have but *a foul time* of it? The instance which we value most however, is at page 222, concerning the ancient Britons: "Their system with respect to women was something between *those** which still exist in Malabar and in Otaheite.—In one sense they had *risen above* their Kimmerian ancestors, for they *were got above ground*." We have not a word of comment to add on this passage.

We are occasionally favoured with morsels of Original Information, and of no common kind. Thus at page 272 there is a communication well adapted to wake the reader into a perfect stare if he should happen to be dozing over the columns: "the *lucky marriages* of conspicuous families, and the house of Austria is much indebted to such incidents, have often resulted from the *wise choice of an architect*." We at first suspected some metaphor here, but it is no such thing. At page 482, respecting the genealogy in the tenth chapter of Genesis, the usual presumption is displayed in pronouncing with the most absolute confidence on a subject of which Dr. Geddes (who perhaps knew almost as much of the matter as the Annual Reviewer) ventures only to say, "it is uncertain." At page 604 we learn that "*science* is Latin for *knowledge*, and *art* is Latin for *skill*." It is much in the same way, we suppose, that we have sometimes heard at dinner that *brandy* is Latin for *goose* (no personal allusion to the *reviewer*.)

The catalogue of Peculiar Elegances we might extend to a considerable length, but we have already trespassed much on the attention of the reader: we shall therefore transcribe only a small number. We have "the *exes* and *wyes* of algebra (p. 663): *many, many, many* others (p. 504): the *thousand-and-onth* time (p. 490): Smollet had a much better understanding, and more information *in him* than Sterne (p. 253):" and, for force and

* *Those women*, we presume: it can be nothing else.—SAT.

richness of epithet, "a splendid popularity of eloquence and a welcome urbanity of purpose (p. 657, 658);" and in another place, "that impressive embodied stirring vivacity."

And now, having completed the task which we imposed upon ourselves in our 14th Number, on turning over that portion of the Annual Review which we accidentally selected as the theme of our strictures, we are utterly ashamed of the little justice that it has received at our hands. We cannot do better than recommend the whole volume as a rich repository of execrable principles in religion, morality, politics, and literary taste. If, in this last respect, we were called upon to point out an article pre-eminent in affectation and self-sufficiency, it should be that on Chalmers's Caledonia, or on Coxe's House of Austria; and if in absurdity, that on the Red Book.*

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1. An Essay on Transparent Paints, &c. by Edward Orme.

"The fine arts are not a little indebted to the *skill* and *genius* of Mr. Orme, for the *encouragement* which they have experienced in this country of late years; and his invention of transparent prints has added *another wreath* to those with which the applause of his countrymen had already encircled his brow. In this SPLENDID work," &c.—"The *whole work* is *highly creditable* to the *taste and talents* of the author, who we hope will derive from his performance all the advantage which his *merit* entitles him to."—Antijacobin Review.

"The author's precepts are illustrated by various engravings of greater or less *excellence*, but *all* of *considerable* effect and *merit*. The work may be consistently *recommended* as an ELEGANT, and, though high-priced, a *cheap* production."—British Critic.

"We are really concerned to see the names of so many re-

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* The next Review that calls loudly for our attention in this manner, is that of the Methodists (the Eclectic); but, as we had frequent occasions of observing, we consider such strictures as a very subordinate part of our office in our Comparative department, and therefore we may suffer some interval to elapse. The Critical Review is already (and excellently) done to our hands, in the Antijacobin Review for last September.

spectable publishers affixed to so PALTRY a publication as is now before us. Of the *mischievous* and *catchpenny attempts* to *degrade art;* of all the *vulgar appeals* to the eyes of the groundlings; of all the *mountebank impostures* which have been played off under the mask of literature, and full in the view of this fair metropolis, *none have exceeded this.* We hope that none *can* exceed it; for of all the insidious and hypocritical attempts to *debauch the taste* of the rising generation, by violating the chastity of art before their eyes, we have no where seen an instance that calls more loudly for our *reprobation.* If we did not too plainly perceive," &c. " we had treated it only as a *contemptible piece of quackery,* and consigned it to oblivion: as it is, we must expose it to the *ridicule* and *infamy* which it so well deserves." " Romantic misses and masters who may have leave to darken mama's windows, and perpetually haunt their papa's with castle-spectres, witches, green-eyed monsters, and blue flames or devils, may here be informed for the *trifling sum of two guineas*—that mastic varnish will make paper transparent, and that it will do it rather better if mixed with a certain portion of Canadian balsam!"—Review of Publications of Art.*

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2. An Account of the Ophthalmia which has appeared in England since the return of the British Army from Egypt; by John Vetch, M. D., Assistant-surgeon to the 54th Foot.

" Our author has run to the press with such *culpable haste,*" &c. " From this essay then, so far from rationally looking for that information which the Egyptian army has failed to supply, we can only expect *partial views* and *premature deductions*; for the author's anxiety to display his knowledge has circumscribed it within the *narrowest bounds,* and *deprived him* of those *advantages* which circumstances denied to his brethren abroad.—The author has *lessened the value* of the history which he relates, as much as was in his power, by converting particular facts into general assertions. Ere this time he has possibly seen sufficient to

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* We shall in future quote this journal by the shorter title of Review of Art.

make him regret, with us, that he did not publish a brief narrative," &c. " divested of *futile speculations* and *sweeping conclusions.*"—London Medical Review.

" We have perused this volume with much interest: it gives a *satisfactory account* of a singular and alarming disease."—Monthly Review.

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3. The Panorama of Youth, &c. by Mary Sterndale.

" We have here one of the BEST-CONCEIVED and *best-executed* little works for the young and improving mind, that has* ever yet come within our knowledge.—By way of specimen of the *poetical* part of *the* work, we shall make room for a tale of *peculiar sweetness and simplicity.*"—Antijacobin Review.

" As a book for children, this seems to be *exactly of a rank with many others:* rather *too gossipingly* exact in detailing infantine chat and manners; but well intended, and certainly instructive, though NOT perhaps in the BEST MODE of instruction. Some *moderate verses* are occasionally introduced."—British Critic.

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4. Caledonia, &c. By George Chalmers. Vol. I.

" The very imagination sickens at the mention of new publications concerning what has been called by Scottish antiquaries the Pictish question. But by mere industry, prompted and guided by a lucky thought, Mr. Chalmers has brought to light not a few curious facts; and, we should think, consigned a question, agitated more than it deserves to be, to *everlasting rest.*—The ideas of writers are communicated with the greatest ease to the reader, as well as with greater precision, when purity of style, and the usage of the most approved authors, are adhered to. The affectation of an uncommon phraseology, whether new-fangled or obsolete, is not only disgusting, but sometimes *not a little perplexing,* to the reader. The licentious affectation of singularity in phrases, idioms, words, and spelling, that runs throughout every page of the immense volume before us, is carried to a *greater length* than it was ever before carried by any writer.—This unnecessary and wanton innovation in orthography might be excused as an in-

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* *Has:* so in the original.—SAT.

offensive freak, if it did not tend to introduce *confusion, doubt,* and *difficulty,* to the reader.—We *have so much* CONFIDENCE in Mr. Chalmers's diligence and ACCURACY," &c.—Oxford Review.

" We heartily wish that our endeavours to elucidate this obscure and much controverted subject" [the Pictish question], " may conduce to exempt Mr. Chalmers's remaining volumes from radical mistakes, which must otherwise diminish their value. The present, though adjusted to what we regard as a *baseless theory,* contains *much* that is *instructive* and curious. Our author is certainly not a conclusive reasoner; but he is an industrious compiler, and a *judicious arranger* of facts. His *style* is *tolerably clear,* though neither impressive nor void of affectation. *On the whole,* we can recommend his work as supplying a *copious store of information* on topics either of an useful or of a curious nature."—Eclectic Review.

" A more unwieldy quarto has rarely met our eyes; and it would not be easy for any book, whatever its bulk, to contain a larger proportion of *presumption, error,* and, we will venture to add, of *ignorance.* The author, from his official situation of chief clerk to the board of trade, has had access to numerous valuable documents, from which less favoured writers are excluded. He cannot be accused of having neglected the golden opportunity; he has on the contrary availed himself of it with great liberality; *we wish we could add, judgment.* But he has endeavoured to build a superstructure without having laid the foundation, and has proved himself *incompetent to make a proper use* of the storehouses of information which lay open to him.—What shall we say of our present author, who professes," &c. " and yet builds a most important part of his history absolutely upon nothing?—This is a specimen of the ACCURACY and *judiciousness* of his historical researches. It is asserted, though without any shadow of authority being offered for the assertion, that the ancient Britons adored the water, and therefore abstained from eating fish. This abstinence, it is added, is still kept up; and it is assigned as the cause that the Highlanders do not enter into the views of the legislature in promoting the *catching of fish* as a national object. Genuine history and record, and (what may surprise the matter-

of-fact reader still more) even Mr. Chalmers's own work, afford hundreds of proofs of the *falsehood* of this most extraordinary assertion. It is truly wonderful that a man of any reflection could run into three such *stupendous blunders* as this paragraph exhibits, in the two assertions, and the inference drawn from them. —It is his frequent custom to QUOTE *charters* in the Harleian library, *without marking the number or folio;* and *chartularies* in manuscript, *without saying where they are to be found.* The notes would be very valuable as authentic documents, *if we could have any reliance* upon the CORRECTNESS of the extracts."—Critical Review.

" We exceedingly regret that we cannot allow greater space for examples from this curious and *valuable work.* The *arguments* and authorities on the Pictish question are deduced with *great perspicuity and energy,* and well deserve the most serious attention. The histories also of the origin of *commerce,* arts, and manufactures, in North Britain, is* detailed with a *precision* which nothing but the *most unexampled diligence* could have collected, and the *clearest comprehension* of the subject arranged.† Throughout the volume REFERENCE is given to *every cited authority* with the *most punctilious and consistent accuracy.*"—British Critic.

" The *style* of this book is affectedly neologic; it is *not* pure or *precise:* the information is tedious, micrological, and multifarious, based on comprehensive reading; but there is a derogatory *absence of learning* in the remarks, and of penetration in the inferences, which *forbids* CONFIDENCE either in the transcripts or in the reflections."‡—Annual Review.

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* *Is:* so in the original.—SAT.

† So likewise in the original. The ideas are pretty enough perhaps, to any body who can understand them; of *diligence collecting precision,* and of *comprehension arranging it.*—SAT.

‡ We offer this last quotation to our readers as another *precious* specimen of *style* from the Annual Review.—SAT.

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T. Gillet, Printer, Crown-court, Fleet-street.

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